

Frontispice.



*Not Worth nor Honours this great Child regards
But Whimpers Still for Horses, Cocks & Cards.*

Frontispice.



*Not Worth nor Honours this great Child regards
But Whimpers Still for Horses, Cocks & Cards.*

A 11601 na.6
COLLECTION

O F
PRETTY POEMS K

For the AMUSEMENT of
CHILDREN SIX FOOT HIGH.

INTERSPERSED
With a SERIES of LETTERS
FROM

Cousin SAM to Cousin SUE,
On the SUBJECTS of
CRITICISM, POETRY, and POLITICS.
With NOTES *Variorum*.

Calculated with a Design to do Good.
Adorned with Variety of Copper-Plate Cuts, de-
signed and engraved by the best Masters.

The SEVENTH EDITION.

Virginibus Puerisque canto.

HOR.

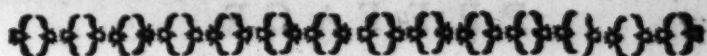
Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
Must be, or ridicul'd or lash'd.

SWIFT.

L O N D O N:

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and *America*, and sold at the Bible and Sun, in *St.*
Paul's Church-Yard. Price 1s. bound.





THE
BOOKSELLER
TO THE
READER.

Gentle Reader,

YOU art here presented with a
book of poems great part of
which are originals, tho' the
whole is intituled a Collection;
an oddity of the author's, and
not the only one he has produced; for you
will by and by find some Notes couched
under the names of other authors which,
from their singularity of turn and con-
ceit, I have reason to think are the brats
of his own brain. Some of these notes
and observations may appear a little *dar-
ing*, as they are levelled at his superiors;
but they carry with them the character-
istics of honesty; the author seems to mean
what he says, and tho' a bold metaphor
or a brazen application be sometimes met

A 2

with

with, we are generally well pleased with what comes from the heart. Besides, as these poems are professedly published for the use of children of six foot high, none else have any business to buy them, or any sort of right to concern themselves about the matter; which consideration alone will, I hope, prevent any impertinent application being made to those of a more elevated rank and station.

Not that I intend to vindicate the Author's prudence, or attempt to justify his proceedings.—No, I believe his head, to say the truth, is a little unhung, and his insisting on having the sale of his books confined to children of six foot high, is, I think, a proof of it. 'Tis a whim that has possessed his brain, and which there is no rooting out; for though I told him there was no such thing in nature, he still insisted upon it with vehemence, and even protested, those children were so numerous, that if all people were furnished with high-heel'd shoes, he should have at least three-fourths of the human species for his purchasers

P R E F A C E.

chasers—Extremely sanguine and singular! and indeed his conduct thro' the whole has been such, that it would never have succeeded, if I had not lopp'd off some excrescences and made many alterations. Why, to instance only in a few particulars, he had dedicated the book to his shoemaker for no other reason but because he had the length of his foot; whence he gave a long detail of the advantages arising from that sort of admeasurement, and proved, that by getting the length of a Gentleman's foot, who had the length of a Lady's foot, who had the length of a Lord's foot, many honourable posts, rich *sine-cures*, and profitable employments, were obtained; but this no-body can believe, for, as Mr. Chubb observes, *they have no foundation in the nature and fitness of things*. He then fell foul on the poor citizens for having a market for live cattle and wild beasts in the midst of their city, he attempted to prove, what indeed cannot be proved, that our ancestors were as wise as we; that *Smithfield*, where this

market is kept, was in their time really a field, and not a part of this great city, and that much mischief has been done, and many lives lost by holding this dangerous market in so incommodious a place. Every body may think as they please, but *Tom Wilson*, who is a politician, says, mad or not mad, he loves to see the creatures running about the streets. The sight of a fat ox makes his mouth water, and puts him in mind of the Sailors cantata,

*Lovely charming oxen,
I'm in love with you :
What say you, dear Coxen ?
Are not you so too ?
Would you be so kind and civil
To come ready roasted here,
Jack wou'd eat, and Tom wou'd eat,
and Dick wou'd eat,
And we should have good chear.*

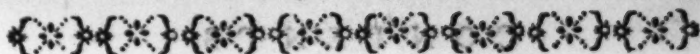
Our Author then made a calculation of the money spent on Lord-Mayor's day, attempted to prove that there was no devotion in drunkenness, that gluttony was

no part of good government, and that the money would be better employ'd in fitting out stout privateers against the enemies of our king and country. Why you block-head, says I, for I could not forbear, do you rail against roast-beef, plumb-pudding, custards and codling tarts? All the world will despise you, and look upon you as an author without taste. Nay, his unparalleled impudence suffered him to approach the *sanctum sanctorum* of government; he was dabbling with the national debt, boldly asserted that all the high posts ought to be honourable and not profitable employments, that no accountant should be engaged at a great expence who never learned arithmetic, nor any gentleman paid several thousands *per annum*, for only signing his name two or three times a year; but that the money thus lavished away ought to be thrown into the bottomless fund for the discharge of the national debt. Here I quoted a text upon him, for indeed I could not help it, *the love of money, says I, is the founda-*

foundation of all virtue, and by persuading people from that, you strike at the very root of all goodness.

He pretended to prove that the total disregard of religion was the cause of many mischiefs in the state; and that drunkenness ought not to be encouraged for the sake of any revenue: he was for having all the money collected for the poor applied to that purpose only, so that they need not be under a necessity of begging, and for putting of it in the power even of rogues to be honest. He railed against dragging poor men from their families and business, without paying them for the loss of their time; sung a voluntary in praise of the *Foundling-hospital*, made a preaching about righteousness and mercy, and talk'd so out of the way and old-fashion'd, that I had not patience to bear it; therefore, like a good gardener, I have pruned off the wild shoots and superfluous branches, and have presented thee, gentle, kind, and courteous reader, with that part which I thought most worthy thy perusal.

THE



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A
COLLECTION
OF
POEMS, &c.



A MODERN MORNING.

At four on Monday morn, 'tis
said,
A, The dawn sprung from his
truckle bed,

And in a passion with old NIGHT,
Unbarr'd the rosy gates of light;
When out his father PHOEBUS flew,
With such amazing force he drew
Almost unto his highest noon,
Ere *Calia* rose— it was so soon.

But

2 A MODERN MORNING.

But up she rear'd, and rang the bell,
When in came dainty mistress *Nell*,
*Ob dear, my lady, * e'ent you well?* }
Well!—yes—why what's o'clock?—oh hea-
ven! [yawning]

A † *little bit a past eleven.*

No more! why then I'll lay me down;
No, I'll get up child, bring my gown:
My eyes so ache I scarce can see;
Nelly, a little † *Ratiffa*.

Well now I'll sleep again, begone,
And get my chocolate by one: }
No, bring my gown, I'll put it on.

* *E'ent*, an abbreviation of the words *are you not*, and an improvement in the language, which has been lately adopted by all the Fribbles, Fools, and Fops in town. The living languages are daily fluctuating and improving; and for the honour of ours, we must observe, that most of the amendments it has lately received, has been from ladies majds, milliners, and mantua-makers.

Catopsicon's Chronicle.

† *Little bit*, another improvement when thus applied.

‡ *Ratiffa*, the juice of a particular sort of cucumber, very frequently used by some ladies.

Lightfoot's Nat. Hist.

For see the paltry sun beams come,
 And there's no bearing of the room !
 So up she rose, gaping and yawning,
 Whilst * Nelly waited on her fawning.

*Well, Mame, your ladyship's quite right,
 Oh night the glorious charms of night !
 People of taste, who rout and play,
 Abhor the odious glare of day :*

*And, Mame, if you approve the night.
 The day'll be out of fashion quite.*
 Huffy, you flatter me, begone,
 And send my chocolate by John.

Nay, Mame.—Then court'sying, exit *Nell*,
 My lady laughs, and all is well—
 When enters *John*, and bows his head,
 And brings the chocolate to bed.

But here the muse is much to blame,
 Stop, † *Pegasus*—oh fy for shame !

* *Mrs. Nelly's* speech is truly *Ciceronian*, and,
 as *Quintilian* has observed, contains all the mem-
 bers or parts of an oration, viz. the *exordium*,
narration, *proposition*, *confirmation*, *refutation*, and
peroration.

† *Pegasus*, a poetical post-horse.
 B Such

Such tales as these you should not tell
 Even to knowing mistress *Nell*;
 Enough is said by way of jest,
 In secret silence wrap the rest.

Then *Celia* to her toilet goes,
 Attended by some favourite beaux,
 Who fribble it around the room,
 And curl her hair, and clean the comb,
 And do a thousand monkey tricks,
 That you will think disgrac'd the sex.
Nelly! why where's the creature fled?
*Put my * post-chaise upon my head.*

* *Post-chaise.* Be it remembered, that in the year 1756, many ladies of fortune and fashion, willing to set an example of prudence and economy to their inferiors, did invent, and make public, without a patent, a machine for the head, in form of a *post-chaise and horses*.—And another imitating a *chair and chairmen*, which were frequently worn by people of distinction. I have been more particular in noting the exact time of the rise of this invention; first, because no foreigner should attempt to rob us of the honour of it; and, secondly, that it may serve as an era or epocha to future chronologers.

Wifeman's Wonderful Discoveries.

Your

Your chair and chairmen, Mame, is brought.
Stupid! the creature has no thought.

And Mame, the milliner is come;
Sh' has brought the * *broad-wheel'd waggon*
home,

And 'tis the prettiest little thing,
Upon my honour.— *Bring! bring! bring!*
How can you stand and talk about it!

You know I die, I die, without it.
In broad-wheel'd waggon thus array'd
By beaux and millener, and maid,
Dear *Celia* treads the toilet round,
In her fair faithless glafs 'tis found,
And so employs her every sense
'Twould take a team to draw her thence.†

* *Broad-wheel'd waggon*, an improvement of the above fashion.

† The gentlemen, it is said, are going into this fashion; and, as we are always happily divided, those of one party are to wear *Windmills*, and the other *Weathercocks*.



NOON if you please,

*Or some Account of the Jargon usually heard when
our modern wise ones deign to go to Dinner.*

—A Leash of Languages at once.

HUDIBRAS.

O UR ancestors, historians say,
The night distinguish'd from the day;
They shook off sloth and got up soon,
And eat a hearty meal at noon.
But now the case is alter'd quite,
Our noon is not 'till six at night!
But hush—the company are met,
And round the sumptuous table set;
I must attend the side-board—so
Drink off your bottle, *Tom*, and go.
Coming, my lady—Mame, d'ye call?
Yes—bring some beer—Ale, Mame?—No, small,
My Lady Bloom—Your health, Sir Joe,
Oh this d—d gout is in my toe.

Well,

*Well, this * ragou is mighty pretty ;*

Nay, you shall taste it, Lady Betty.

No, Mame. Then taste the † alabrae,

A little morsel, SI VOUS PLAÎT.

This ‡ comport's good, I like it much !

And so they say our friends the Dutch,

A glass of wine—have all agreed,

They're of a Hottentottish breed,

* *Ragou*, a dish made from a receipt obtained, at great expence of lives and *l'argent*, from our righteous neighbours the *French*. It is compounded of any thing, and every thing, and was contrived to prevent digestion, and hatch diseases. This however, bad as it is, I should rather eat, than either of those diabolical dishes of luxury, a pig whipt to death, or lobsters roasted alive ; for as none but an infernal mind could invent tortures of that kind for innocent animals, so I think heaven will pour down vengeance on those who are any ways concerned in such acts of inhumanity. Four gentlemen and two ladies died after eating a pig that was whipt to death at the *Hague*, two others at *Leyden*, and at *Amsterdam* nine men and women expired after feasting themselves on roasted lobsters ; which I apprehend was the immediate work of heaven ; for no alteration could be made in the food, by that cruel manner of dressing it.

BOERHAAVE.

† *Alabrae*, another *French* dish.

‡ *Comport*, another *French* dish.

Noon if you please.

Some custard, Mame—to drop their friends,
And join the French for selfish ends;
 These fowls are fat, the folks so cram 'em,
*But *D'Argenson will soon undamn 'em.*
The States have got a blessed job!
 Come here, Sir Richard, † HOB or NOB.
A lady, Mame, I ne'er refuse.
 Sir Thomas, pray d'ye hear the news?
You Mr. William, draw that cork'a.
 The French, they say, have ta'en ‡ Minorca.
 Which meritorious loss they fling
 On our great admirable B*g.
 But there are folks, and || folks there are,
Tom, mix a little ale and beer,

* *D'Argenson*, Purveyor to the great *Leviathan*.

† The modern method of drinking, or a genteel way of getting a skin full of wine.

‡ A place once in the hands of the *English*, but suffered to be taken from them by the *French*, we know not how, why, or wherefore: nor is it, we apprehend, in the power of any other conjurer to tell.

DR. FAUSTUS.

|| A mystical way of speaking, which means either something or nothing, and shews the author's skill both in politics and metaphysics.

MACHIAVEL.

Who

NOON if you please.

9

Who don't believe that B's so bad,
But there are others to be had,
Who, if—*oh, Mame, you make me blush!*
Nay, stop her mouth there, hush, hush, hush!
Your toast, Sir Thomas—Lady Brown:
The loveliest Lady in the town.
Miss Jones, I hope our friends are well?
A bit of custard, Mr. Bell,
All mighty well, I thank you, Mame.
*Hawk's a brave man—a slice of ham,
For fight he will, and shortly too;
A little more of that RAGOU;
And old † Galissoniere they say,
Pray put the TRIFLE up this way,
Intends to gasconade at Brest,
A glass of wine—*No that's a jest,*
Sit farther, Sir, you quite one stifle.
My Lord, you once was fond of † Trifle.
Yes, when I marry'd, Mame, 'tis true,
And so, Sir, was your Lady too.

* Hawk, daring, intrepid. It also signifies a man of prey, and a bird of prey. CHAMBERS'S *Dict.*

† Galissoniere, a Mediterranean scarecrow.

AINSWORTH.

† Trifle, an English dish, not unworthy of its name.

Mr. BRADLY.

My



My LORD and LADY's Rout,
 Alias DRUM, alias HURRICANE, alias
 WHIRLWIND, &c. &c. &c.

*Beyond the fix'd and settled Rules
 Of Vice and Virtue in the Schools;
 Beyond the Letter of the Law,
 Which keeps our Men and Maids in awe;
 The better sort should set before 'em
 A Grace, a Manner, a Decorum. PRIOR.*

RUB, a dub, a dub, come, *John*, come,
 And bring the *D——l* and his drum;
 Bring, oh bring a mighty train
 Of all the pert, the proud, the vain;
 With each a gamester in his hand,
 With each a schedule of his land,
 With each a purse of guineas store,
 With trinkets to be pawn'd for more;
 And ladies too, with lovely looks,
 Who turn o'er cards instead of books;
 Who, in devotion to the ace,
 Turn sense and virtue out of place;

Who

My LORD and LADY's Rout. II

Who all their honour put to stake,
 Who rap for righteousness, a * rake ;
 And 'stead of pious prints, who carry
 The *Great Mogul*, or great † *St. Harry*,
 Bring courtiers too, with *Janu's* faces,
 Dealers in pensions and in places ;
 And patriots proud, who tack about,
 And soon are in, and soon are out.
 Let men and women all draw near,
 Let all in gaudy drefs appear ;
 Let each in honour wear a crest,
 Bear each a knave upon his breast,
 May _____ * * * *

* This seems to be a mistake, and should be *who rap their righteousness for a rake*, which is evidently the author's meaning ; and so we find it both in the *Bodleian* library, and in the *Vatican*. It is true, the verse is not so good ; yet I make no doubt but it came better from the author's hands, and has been corrupted, as is common, by the impertinence of critics, or the carelessness of the printer.

VOLTAIRE.

† *St. Harry* the eighth, formerly king of a certain people, who killed several of his wives, and committed many other acts of inhumanity ; yet had the title of *Defender of the Faith* bestowed upon him, for writing a stupid pamphlet upon a subject he did not understand.

RAPIN.

The Printer begs leave to inform the public, that he can proceed no farther in this part of the author's copy, for very cogent and substantial reasons, which he is not at liberty to disclose; but he takes this opportunity of inserting the copy of a receipt, which was shewn him under the author's own hand, and which may, perhaps, lead the reader to the knowledge of some secrets in the art of negotiation, he was before unacquainted with.

‘ Received, *January* 10, 1756, of His
 ‘ Grace the Duke of——, Lord *Robert*
 ‘ ——, Lady C—— L——, Sir *Thomas*
 ‘ *B——*, and others of the nobility and
 ‘ gentry, five hundred pounds, in considera-
 ‘ tion of which sum, I do promise not to ex-
 ‘ pose them, or any of their friends, in my
 ‘ poem, called *The Rout*; and I do also agree
 ‘ that the Printer shall break off at these words,
 ‘ *Knave upon his breast*; that the remainder
 ‘ of the copy shall be burnt, and that I will
 ‘ so far forget it as never to be able to recol-
 ‘ lect one syllable that was written, nor will

My LORD and LADY's Rout. 13

• I ever take any farther Notice of their mas-
• querades, drums, routs, hurricanes, or any
• other infamous assemblies.

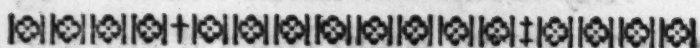
• *Witness my hand the day and year above*
• *written.* T. TAGG.

From what appears in this receipt, some will perhaps blame the author, and say he has taken a bribe to suppress the truth, which is undoubtedly the case; but as it is a case that so frequently happens, and what is indeed done every day, this single instance surely can afford little matter of amazement. If we consider now much bribery is in fashion, and what *little* things *great* people do for money, we shall no longer wonder at a poor man's holding his tongue, when five hundred pounds were given him for that purpose.

The PRINTER.

P. S. It was always my opinion, that excessive gaming, excessive drinking, and excessive playing the fool, would be the ruin of this kingdom.

BACON.



*The Difference between YOUTH and
AGE demonstrated.*

AN ancient dame, who clean and clear,
Had reckon'd up her ninetieth year,
At dinner, with her toothless mouth,
Attack'd a gristle hard and tough :
The gristle she essay'd to chew,
Out of her mouth elastic flew,
And fell direct across the table,
Close by a youngster stout and able.
The youth, who thought, at any rate,
It must have fall'n from his own plate,
Did, with a swallow and a smack,
Dispatch the gristle in a crack.

‘ Strange quoth the dame, but yet ’tis truth,
‘ Such difference ’twixt Age and Youth ;
‘ Dear me, how long have I been fumbling,
‘ And kept a mumbling, still and mumbling ?
‘ When this young youth has in a whistle,
‘ Devour’d my second-handed gristle !

The

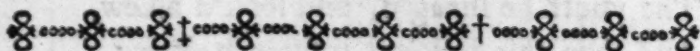
The youth he shrug'd, and look'd askew,
And then this prudent inference drew :

*We should be virtuous in our prime,
Reflecting on that * tooth-draw'r Time,
And live by moral maxims aw'd,
While yet the gristle's to be gnaw'd.*

* *Old Time* has ever been a famous tooth-drawer, and, by doing his work well, obtained more business than all the rest of his fraternity ; but, since some of the late catholicons were discovered, his trade, like all others, has been on the decay.

PLOWDEN's History of New-York.





An EPILOGUE,

*Spoken by Mrs. MIDNIGHT'S Daughter, riding
upon an Ass dressed in a great Tie-Wig.*

AS hissing and pelting are so much in
vogue,

You'll permit me to ride with my new epilogue,
That in case of a thump from a * *Buck*,—
or a † *Beau*,

I may clap to my spurs, and gallop—ge-hoe !
And, like a brave general, after being beat.
Exult and rejoice in a prudent retreat.

Nor should you despise this old senat'refs here,
Accoutred and dress'd in a caxon so queer ;
For she is a person of learning profound,
Of sense most sagacious, of wisdom most sound,

* *Bucks* are fools, who think they have wit, and
who have impudence enough to do any thing but
what is right. GROTIVS.

† *Beau*, a name for any thing that is insipid
and ridiculous. PUFFENDORF.

An EPILOGUE. 17

So genteel in carriage so sober and quiet,
And so useful--she serves me for physick and diet;
In arts *Æsculapian* sh' has wonderful know-
ledge,

And * wrought greater cures than most of
the college!

Oh, could all the sick, who have cause to
repine,

But bridle their doctors, as I bridle mine;

* *Wrought greater cures than most of the college.* It is a melancholly consideration, saith *Celsus*, but true it is, that when diseases have baffled the art of physicians, they are obliged to call in the aid of the *ass*, who very often, by her secret cunning and wonderful working, doth despise those disorders that were deemed incurable, and snatch the patient both from death and the doctors

This observation from the great *Celsus*, calleth to my mind the verdict of a jury, who sat on a man that died in consequence of a fall from one of the horses that started for the plate at---races. In this case the horse is usually forfeited to the Lord of the Manor; to prevent which, or rather because he was attended by six physicians, the Jury brought in their verdict *Dead of the Doctors.*

JEWSON's Reports.

18 *An* EPILOGUE.

Wou'd they saddle an afs, to the country repair,
And drink of her milk in an open free air,
The dabblers in physick would quickly decay,
And the bills of mortality dwindle away.

Or could the poor clients, who oft are be-
stridden,
But ride on their lawyers, as by them they're
*ridden;

Cou'd saddle a sergeant, and jog out of town,
And strife and contention in full bumpers
drown,

The world would grow wise and better each
day,

And envy, and malice, and mischief decay!
The sons of sound sense to this scheme will
agree,

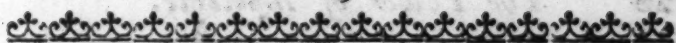
And applaud my poor afs, and my mamma,
and me.

* *Ridden.* Clients are said to be ridden; be-
cause they pay the lawyer money; but the lawyer
payeth them no money; (*ergo*) therefore is the
lawyer not ridden. COKE *upon* LITTLETON.

The







The POWER of INNOCENCE.

A Northern pair, we wave the name,
 Rich, young, and not unknown to fame,
 When first the nuptial state they try'd,
 With fabled gods in pleasure vy'd.
 New to the mighty charm they feel.
 A joy that all their looks reveal.
 We love whate'er has power to please,
 So nature's ancient law decrees;
 And thus the pair, while each had pow'r,
 To bless the fond sequester'd hour,
 With mutual love enraptur'd glow,
 And love in kind *complacence* show.
 But when *familiar* charms no more
 Inspire the bliss they gave before,
 Each less *delighting*, less was lov'd,
 Now this, now that was disapprov'd;
 Some trifling fault, which *love* conceal'd,
*Indiff'rence every day reveal'd.**

* *Indiff'rence every day reveal'd.* This is a case so common, that we see instances of it every day. Sir Sampson——, though dying for his wife before marriage, quarrell'd with her afterwards; because she had a freckle upon her finger.

20 *The Power of Innocence.*

Complacence flies, *neglect* succeeds ;
Neglect, *disdain* and *hatred* breeds.
 The wish *to please* forsakes the breast,
 The wish *to rule* has each possess'd.
 Perpetual war, that wish to gain,
 They wage, alas ! but wage in vain.
 Now hope of conquest swells the heart
 No more—at length content to part ;
 The rural seat, that sylvan shade,
 Where first the nuptial vows were paid ;
 That seat attests the dire intent,
 And hears the parting settlement.

It is impolitic in young ladies to marry very old men. Beau *Wilson* says, that ladies are not half so handsome as they were thirty years ago, which, perhaps, is owing to his being turned of sixty.

It is ever prudent, says *Solomon*, to make the best of a bad market. If therefore a poor woman should have a bad husband, or a poor man a bad wife, which may happen even in this righteous age, let them comfort themselves, as the *Swedes* do with the third ague, till nature thinks proper to remove the fit ; and not make themselves more miserable by their continual jars.

People thus coupled should behave like jockeys, and agree to give and take before they start for the plate.

GRONOVIVS.

This house, these fields, my lady's own,
Sir *John* must ride to town alone.

The chariot waits—they bid adieu;
But still the chariot waits in view.

Tom tires with waiting long in doubt,
And lights a pipe—and smokes it out—
Mysterious! wherefore this delay?

The sequel shall the cause display.

One lovely girl the lady bore,
Dear pledge of joys she tastes no more;

The Father's Mother's darling she,

Now lisp'd and prattled at their knee.

Sir *John* now rising to depart,

Turn'd to the darling of his heart,

And cry'd with ardour in his eye,

'Come, *Betsy* bid mamma *Good-bye*.'

The lady, trembling, answer'd, No—

'Go kiss papa, my *Betsy* go.

'Sir *John*, the child shall live with me.'

'The child herself shall chuse, said he.'

Poor *Betsy* look'd at each by turns,

And each the starting tear discerns.

My lady asks, with doubt and fear.

'Will you not live with me, my dear?'

Yes,

Yes, half resolv'd, reply'd the child,
And, half suppress'd her tears, she smil'd.

' Come *Betsy*, cry'd Sir *John*, you'll go,
' And live with dear papa I know.'

Yes, *Betsy* cry'd—the lady then
Address'd the wand'ring child agen.

The time to live with both is o'er,
This day we part to meet no more:

Chuse then—her grief o'erflow'd her breast,
And tears burst out too long suppress'd.

The child, whose tears and chiding join'd,
Suppos'd papa displeas'd, unkind;

And try'd with all her little skill,
To sooth his oft relenting will.

Do, cry'd the lisper, *papa! do*,

Love dear mamma!—mamma loves you!

Subdu'd the force of manly pride,

No more his looks his heart bely'd,

The tender transport forc'd its way,

They both confess'd each other's sway;

And, prompted by the social smart,

Breast rush'd to breast, and heart to heart.

Each kiss'd their *Betsy* o'er and o'er,

And *Tom* drove empty from the door.



Where's the POKER?

A T A L E.

THE poker lost, poor *Susan* storm'd,
 And all the rites of rage perform'd;
 As scolding, crying, swearing, sweating,
 Abusing, figetting and fretting.
 ' Nothing but villainy and thieving;
 ' Good heavens! what a world we live in!
 ' If I don't find it in the morning,
 ' I'll surely give my master warning,
 ' He'd better far shut up his doors,
 ' Than keep such good-for-nothing whores,
 ' For wherefoe'er their trade they drive,
 ' We *virtuous* bodies cannot thrive,'
 Well may poor *Susan* grunt and groan,
 Misfortunes never come alone,
 But tread each other's heels in throngs,
 For the next day she lost the tongs;
 The salt-box, cullender and grate,
 Soon shar'd the same untimely fate.

In

In vain she vails and wages spent
On new ones— for the new ones went.
There'd been, she swore, some dev'l or witch
in,

To rob and plunder all the kitchen.
One night she to her chamber crept,
Where for a month she had not slept,
Curse on the author of these wrongs!
In her own bed she found the tongs!
Hang *Thomas* for an idle joker!
And there, good lack! she found the poker,
With salt-box, pepper-box and kettle,
And all the culinary metal.

*Be warn'd, ye fair by Susan's crosses,
Keep chaste, and guard yourselves from losses;
For if young girls delight in kissing,
No wonder that the poker's missing.*

LETTER



L E T T E R I.

From Cousin SAM to Cousin SUE.

Cousin SUE,

I Told thee I would write, and so I will, and send you all the news about *London*. Well, 'tis a strange place as ever was seen, that's for certain! The first day I came, the streets were so throng'd, that I stood up to let folks go by, but there was no end of 'em; so I was obliged to shove on with the rest; but I never was so bump'd and thrust about in my life. I put off my hat to all the gentlefolks, but they only laughed at me; and one queer old put cry'd, twig the countryman: so I smoked the joke, and put my hat on, and kept him as close as if he was nailed to my head. *John Williams* got me a place to live with a nobleman, but I was mortally frightened at first; for I thought as how if I should

should make him angry I should be hanged or beheaded; but I vow and protest he is as civil a spoken gentleman as ever I see in my life, and has no more pride than our Justice of Peace, nor half so much neither; and we all love him, and his business is the better done for it; for we serve him not thro' fear, but affection, *Sue!*

I am hugely improved in my learning since I came to *London*, and might have got to be a critic, but Mr. *Thomas*, my Lord's gentleman, persuaded me off. There is a whole club of them meets at the sign of the *Cat and Bagpipes*, just by our stables, every week; and our coachman, and *Dick* the helper belongs to them: they'll be mortal great authors if they live; for all the critical papers and pamphlets they have hand in. Poetry and politics is their study, and that's what every body understands in *London*. Some poetry of theirs I have sent you, and may-hap by and by you may have some politics from,

Your loving Cousin,

S A M.



A NEXELLENT NEW BALLIT,
 CALLED
 MOLLY'S DELIGHT.

By the CRITICAL SOCIETY.

YOUNG *Strafron* he went t'other day to the
 wake,

For sum huckle-my-buff and a ginger-bred kake;
 But oh he was bobbish and joyous and jolly,
 When on the gay grene he diskiver'd his *Molly*.

Derry down, down, &c.

Dear *Molly* she came along the gay grene,
 As fine as a horse or a ginger-bred queen,
 Young *Strafron* he hufs'd her, and made her a bow,
 And look'd if so be as he could not tell how.

Derry down, &c.

With that they begun without any pother,
 A talking of this, and of that, and of t'other;
 And tho' she would pish, and would cry, let me go,
 He pres'd her likewise, and he squee'dg'd her also.

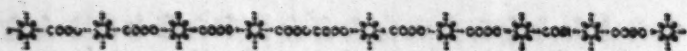
Derry down, &c.

Come all ye young youths of Saint *Larince's*
 parish,

Who loves every thing that is finish and rarish,
 Be jolly and bucksome, and lucksome and jolly,
 Sing *Molly* and *Strafron*, and *Strafron* and *Molly*.

D

Derry down, &c.



The disappointed MILK-MAID.

HOW *poorly* your *projectors* fare,
 That *build* their *castles* in the *air*?
 Still *tow'ring* on from *scheme* to *scheme*,
 They top *Olympus* in a *dream*;
 But *waking* find (nineteen i'th' *score*)
 Themselves far *lower* than *before*.
 Of *these* the *instances* are *many*,
 And *this* will *serve* as well as *any*.
 It happen'd on a *summer's* day,
 A *country* *last*, as *fresh* as *May*,
 Deck'd in a wholesome *russet* gown,
 Was going to next *market* town;
 So *blithe* her *looks*, so *simply* *clean*,
 You'd take her for a *May-day* *queen*,
 Save 'stead of *garland*, says my tale,
 Her *head* bore *Brindy's* loaded *pail*.
 As on her *way* she pass'd along,
 She *hum'd* the *fragments* of a *song*;
 She did not hum for *want* of *thought*,
 Quite pleas'd with *what* to *sale* she brought;
And

And reckon'd, by her own account,
When all was sold, the whole amount.
Thus *she*—in *time*, this *little* ware
May turn to *great account* with *care* :
My *milk* being *sold* for—*so* and *so*,
I'll buy some *eggs* as *markets* go,
And *set* them——at the *time* I fix,
These *eggs* will *bring* as many *chicks*;
I'll spare no *pains* to *feed* them well,
They'll bring vast *profit* when they sell.
With this I'll *buy* a little *pig*,
And when 'tis grown up fat and big,
I'll sell it, whether *boar* or *sow*,
And with the money *buy* a *cow*;
This *cow* will surely have a *calf*,*
And there the *profit's half* in *half*;
Besides there's *butter*, *milk*, and *cheese*,
To *keep* the *market* when I please:

* We hope not a bull-calf; if it should, the profit will be less.—*Tom Wilson* beat his cow for bringing a bull-calf; whence his family, which are very numerous, have been distinguished by the name of the *bull-calves* ever since.

JOURNAL DE SCAVANS.

D 2

All

30 *The disappointed MILK-MAID.*

All which I'll *sell*, and *buy a farm*,
 Then shall of *sweethearts* have a *swarm*.
 Oh! then for *ribbands*, *gloves* and *rings*!
 Ay! more than *twenty pretty things*.
 One brings me *this*, another *that*,
 And I shall have—the *Lord* knows *what*.
 Fir'd with the *thoughts*, the frantic *last*,
 Of what was *thus* to *come to pass*,
 Her *heart* beat *strong*, she gave a *bound*,
 And *down* came *milk-pail* on the *ground*,
Eggs, *fowls*, *pig*, *bog* (ah! well-a-day)
Cow, *calf*, and *farm*—all *swam* away.

Projectors, of all people, are most to be pitied: they not only lose their money, but are imposed upon and laughed at.—Poor Sir *Hugh Middleton*!

Gravelot, in his *Unaccountable Curiosities*, tells us, That one of his relations had discovered the Philosopher's Stone; but was afraid to have it talked of, lest he should be bastinadoed for the secret. What a world we live in! A friend of mine was taken into custody, and prosecuted, for melting down shavings into deal-boards. But of all projectors I idolize and adore the man who spent an estate of a thousand a year on elections, to obtain a place at court of five hundred.

Would the nation, this good, this righteous,
 his wife, this politic nation, but convey to me
 the

the money that is squandered away at elections, I would soon discharge the debt they so much complain of; and, what also deserves some consideration, many lives would be saved, and broken heads prevented; mechanics would be kept to their business, and not drunk for months together; and peace and good neighbourhood, loyalty and unanimity, would be preserved in every county, every borough, and every village, throughout the three kingdoms. I would not presume, like a pragmatistical coxcomb, to assert this of my own knowledge; no, before I offered to speak, or write, on a subject so important, I drew up the case of the kingdom, and transmitted it, with a proper fee, to Cardinal FLEURY, the greatest conjurer in his day, who, like a good counsellor, returned me his opinion, under his own hand, with this restriction however, that I was not to publish it 'till after his decease. But he, poor man, is dead, his schemes are now at an end, and therefore here comes the secret.

The *British* constitution, says he, would be the happiest in the world, both for king and people, were there a good militia established, and were the members of parliament elected, and the business in parliament determined by *ballot*, and the elections to be once in three years, or oftener, if his majesty should think proper. Then the people would act with reason and with conscience, nor would it be in the power of the *French*, or any other nation, either to bribe or to beat them.



AN EPILOGUE.

*Spoken by Mr. SHUTER, in the Character of a
Man-Midwife, with a Child in his Arms.*

WHoe'er begot thee has no cause to
blush,

Thou'rt a brave chopping boy (*child cries*)
nay, hush, hush, hush:

A workman faith! a man of rare discretion,
A friend to *Britain*, and to our profession.
With face so chubby, and with looks so glad,
O rare roast beef of *England*—here's a lad!

(Shews him to the Company.)

(Child makes a noise again.)

Nay, if you once begin to puke and cough,
Go to the nurse—within, here take him off.

Well, heav'n be prais'd, it is a peopling age,
Thanks to the *bar*, the *army*, and the *stage*:

The nation prospers by such joyous souls,
Hence smokes my table, hence my chariot
rolls;

Tho'

Tho' some snug jobs from surgery may spring,
 Man-midwif'ry, man-midwif'ry's the thing.
 Lean should I be, e'en as my own anatomy,
 Be mere cathartics, and by plain phlebotomy,
 Well, besides gain, besides the pow'r to please,
 Besides the music (*shakes a purse*) of such
 birds as these,

It is a joy refin'd, unmix'd, and pure,
 To hear the praises of the grateful poor:
 This day comes honest *Taffy* to my house,
 ' Cot pless hur, hur has sav'd hur poy and
 ' spouse,
 ' Hur sav'd my *Gwinnifred*, or deeth had
 ' swallow'd hur,
 ' Tho' creat-crand-creat-crand-crand-child of
 ' *Cadwallador*.

Cries *Patrick Touxl'em*, I am bound to pray,
 You've sav'd my *Sue* in your same physick
 way,
 And further shall I thank you yesterday.
 Then *Sawney* came, and thank'd me for my
 love,

(I very readily excus'd his glove)

He

He blest'd the mon, ev'n by St. *Andrew's*
cross,

' Who cur'd his bonny bearn and blithsome
' lass.'

But merriment and mimicry apart:

Thanks to each bounteous hand, and ge-
nerous heart,

Of those, who tenderly take pity's part.

Who in good-natur'd acts can sweetly grieve,
Swift to lament, but swifter to relieve.

Thanks to the lovely fair ones, types of heav'n,
Who raise, and beautify, the bounty given;
But chief to him, in whom distress confides,
Whoo'er this noble plan so gloriously presides*.

* These charities are in general well designed, and should be encouraged; but why are the unhappy wretches, who have been trepanned by diabolical schemes, or deluded from the paths of virtue, by perfidious friends, to be excluded the benefit of them?

Is whoring catching, that people are so delicate in this respect? Or, if there is any objection to their admission here, why is there not a proper place appointed for them?

It

It is hard that wretchedness, the only just pretence and claim to charity, should exclude any from the benefit of our hospitals, and yet that very often happens; for, however proper the patient's case may be for admission, if the poor wretch, for want of money and cloaths, should happen to be lousy, or have the itch; or, for want of friends, not have sufficient security for a funeral, in case of death, she cannot be admitted; so that, according to the rules of our hospitals, those who are in the most extreme distress, are deemed improper objects of their charity. But the religious and humane founders of hospitals never intended to bar up their doors by such objections as these, and therefore these objections should be removed by the legislative power.

What an amazing idea must a foreigner entertain of us, should he measure our charity by the superbness of the buildings, and what a despicable one, when he comes to see how some of them are misapplied; for, to a man of sense, it will even seem a paradox, that more money should be expended on the building of a house of charity, than would maintain ten times its inhabitants for ever, and yet this is the case of *Greenwich*, and many others.





A

COMMON CASE, tho' a HARD ONE.

In the Manner of GAY.

THE doleful dumps I sing, and tearful woes,
 Of MARIAN teeming with unlawful throes;
 The sheeneſt laſs in *Berkſhire* was ſhe known,
 Of all that butter ſell at *Reading* town:
 Not the ſev'n ſiſters could o'er her prevail,
 The golden farmer's daughters of the vale,
 Tho' every *Oxford* muſe their charms has ſung,
 And greateſt * Doctors join'd the tuneful throng.

Ye peers! who careleſs of ambition, chuſe
 To court the labours of the paſt'ral muſe;
 And all the wond'rous bards who try the lay,
 Where black *Cam* rolls, or *Iſis*' eddies play,
 Aſſiſt the labours of an humble ſwain,
 Rude to the pipe, and novice on the plain.

Nine months ſucceſſive now had rolled round,
 Since MARIAN fiſt the pleaſing miſchief found;

* The Rev. Dr. *Wilkes* wrote a poem upon them.





In vain her hands had cull'd th' abortive weed,
Nor aught avail'd th' apothecary's aid :
Her belly now with fatal size did swell,
And sick'ning qualms the blushful secret tell :
Then all in sad despair she made her moan,
Lodona's water's echoed groan for groan.

- ' Ah! faithless COLIN CLOUT! ah, luckless I!
- ' And canst thou, cruel! from thy MARIAN fly?
- ' How often hast thou suck'd my panting breath?
- ' How often swore to love me true till death?
- ' But to the justice I'll reveal my plight,
- ' And with a constable pursue thy flight.
- ' —Ah! how unequal, as our parson preaches,
- ' Are this world's goods! and sure he rightly
- ' teaches;
- ' For what to maidens brings eternal stain,
- ' (Sad management!) gives honour to the swain.
- ' 'Twas on the brightest morn of all the year,
- ' When new-born *May* bids ev'ry shepherd chear,
- ' When artful maids their rival fancies show,
- ' And well-wrought garlands bloom on every
- ' bough;
- ' When gaudy fairs bespangle ev'ry street,
- ' And lowing cows the novel pasture greet;
- ' Fresh rose I, MARIAN-hight, from rustic bed,
- ' The morning dream still hov'ring o'er my head,
- ' Gay

‘ Gay shews and sweethearts had employ’d my
‘ thought,
‘ The kifs imprinted, and the fairing bought.
‘ From lavender I drew the tucker’d smock,
‘ And hosen boastful of a various clock;
‘ The silver’d knot well scollop’d on my head,
‘ And donn’d the Sunday gown berob’d with red.
‘ Thus all bedight, and ready for the fair,
‘ I sat impatient with a wistful air,
‘ Expecting COLIN CLOUT, my perjur’d swain,
‘ Who always follow’d MARIAN on the plain:
‘ With him the moon-light walk I us’d to tread,
‘ With him I danc’d upon the sportive mead.
‘ That very morn had taught the snails to crawl;
‘ And print mysterious letters on the wall.
‘ At length he came, and I with joyous meed,
‘ Mounted behind him on the pillion’d steed:
‘ Sweetly I sung, he whistled to the lay,
‘ Sweetly I sung the song, and sung the day.
‘ *What beauteous scenes* began the tuneful tale!
‘ And next I hum’d *The sweets of Arno’s vale*;
‘ Then MOLLY MOG, fair damsel of the Rose,
‘ And *Lovely PEGGY*, taste of *London* beaux.
‘ And now in view gay *Reading* strikes our eyes.
‘ And all the dainties of the fair arise:

‘ Here

‘ Here * *Birmingham* his boasted ware displays,
‘ There leather breeches hight, and bodice stays;
‘ Here posy’d garters flutter’d in the way,
‘ There painted hobby-horses seem to neigh;
‘ Here belles in ginger-bread all gilded over,
‘ And little gew-gaw *H—ys* act the lover.
‘ Shepherds and nymphs from every part repair,
‘ All who on *Oxford* hills direct the share,
‘ Who fell the forest, or who mow the mead,
‘ Or drag in little boats the finny breed :
‘ Her wide-mouth’d sons low-seated *Henley* sends,
‘ And smoaky *Oakingham* her tribute lends.
‘ But far did *MARIAN* all the rest outvie,
‘ No cheek so ruddy, nor so black an eye;
‘ Scarce *DOLLY* **, the daughter of the May’r,
‘ With all the flaxen ringlets of her hair,
‘ With all the snowy fulness of her breast,
‘ In blithsome features might with me contest.
‘ All youths ambitiously around me strove,
‘ Each gave some chosen emblem of his love;
‘ One quaintly bought the garters for my thighs,
‘ While simple archness sparkled in his eyes.
‘ But all their fairings unsuccessful prove,
‘ Still true to *COLIN CLOU*~ I held my love.

* A town famous for working in steel.

E

‘—Ah!

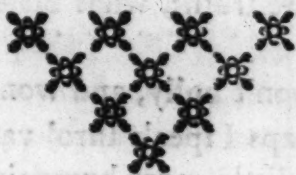
- ' —Ah! sly deceiver! you enclasp'd my arm,
 ' And seem'd my saviour, while you meant my
 ' harm?
 ' For too unequal was the high reward,
 ' My maiden-head must pay thee for thy guard;
 ' Already warm'd with joy you win my heart,
 ' And stamp a little COLIN e'er we part.
 ' —Yet now, when nature fills my breast, to
 ' fly—
 ' Nor yet one tear to issue from thine eye—
 ' My slighted love to quick resentment turns;
 ' Lo my blood rises, and my cheek all burns!
 ' Oh! could I tear thee as I tear this glove—
 ' Go, horrid monster! I despise thy love,
 ' Thy oaths I quit, thy fairings I resign,
 ' Forget, renounce thee, hate whate'er was thine.
 ' No Christian mother bound thy infant head,
 ' Some *Turk* begat thee, or some monster bred;
 ' Or dropt on *Cambrian* hills, a squalid brat.
 ' Some she-goat suckled thee with savage teat.
 ' —Go to thy drab, whoe'er has won thy heart,
 ' And may the p-x devouring make thee smart;
 ' My vengeful ghost shall haunt thee o'er the
 ' plain,
 ' Yes, thou shalt suffer, villain, for my pain.
 ' But

‘ But ah ! my rage relents, my sorrow flows ;
‘ Come COLIN ! faithless shepherd ! ease my
‘ woes.
‘ And must I in the sheet opprobrious stand ?
‘ Thy plight is troth’d, ah ! come and give thy
hand :
‘ My conscience starts whene’er I hear a knell,
‘ And is a little love deserving hell ?
‘ Too hard a penance for a sin so slight !
‘ Ah how my heart misgives me every night !
‘ When sleep has clos’d my sorrow-streaming
‘ eyes,
‘ Then ghastly dreams, and hateful thoughts
‘ arise :
‘ All unaccompany’d, methinks I go
‘ O’er dreary bogs, a wilderness of woe !
‘ Ah ! my wits turn ! strange phantoms round
‘ me fly !
‘ Lo ! I am chang’d into a goosb’ry pye !
‘ Forbear to eat me up, inhuman rabble !
‘ Cocks crow, ducks quake, hens cackle, turkies
‘ gabble !’
Thus MARIAN rav’d, and then with rueful
throes,
Did to the light a lusty babe disclose :

Long while she doubted of the smirking boy,
 Or on her knee to dandle, or destroy;
 Love prompted her to save, and pride to drown,
 At length pride conquer'd, and she dropt her
 son.*

* There is nothing which so amply points out the depravity of human nature, and so fully discovers the corrupt state of the heart of man, as the daily trade which is carried on of debauching young innocent girls, and then setting them up for a mark of infamy and ridicule, and abandoning them to all the fatal effects of resentment, rage, and wild despair: I say despair; for every woman knows, that an age of penitence, and a whole life spent in the most virtuous manner, can never wipe off a stain of that sort. Yet this trade is carried on with impunity, poor wretches are daily trepanned and ruined; and the law takes no cognizance of the matter. What, are women then of so little esteem? Are they no part of the community? Is there no regard to be paid to their tenderness and inexperience, or to the affection of their parents for them, that this violence and injustice is permitted? Even a rape is little more with us than a matter of ridicule. What are the hearts of men made of, and how stupid and inconsistently do we act? If a man should sustain a loss in trade, or be robbed of twenty guineas on *Hounslow-Heath*, his neigh-

neighbours would be sorry for him, and speak of it with concern : but should his only daughter, in whom his soul is centered, be trepanned and debauched, the misfortune serves only for a gossiping tale in the neighbourhood, or a merry joke over an evening bowl. No one feels for the poor creature, or the poor father, though, perhaps, his own servants were bribed, or his house broke open, to accomplish the deed.





STORY of a COCK and a BULL.

YES—we excel in arts and arms,
 In learning's lore, and beauty's charms :
 The sea's wide empire we engross ;
 All nations hail the *British* cross ;
 The land of liberty we tread,
 And woe to his devoted head,
 Who dares the contrary advance,
 One *Englishman's* worth ten of *France*.
 These, these are truths, what man won't write
 for,
 Wont swear, won't bully, and won't fight for ?
 Yet (tho' perhaps I speak thro' vanity)
 Wou'd we'd a little more humanity ;
 Too far, I fear I've drove the jest,
 So leave to Cock and Bull the rest.

A bull, who'd listen'd to the vows
 Of above fifteen hundred cows,
 And serv'd his master, fresh and fresh,
 With hecatombs of special flesh,

Like

Like to a hermit or a dervise,
Grown old and feeble in the service,
Now left the meadow's green parade,
And sought a solitary shade.
The cows proclaim'd, by mournful mooing,
The bull's deficiency in wooing,
And to their disappointed master
All told the terrible disaster.

Is this the case (quoth *Hodge*) O rare!
But hold—to-morrow is the fair :
Thou to thy doom, old boy, art fated,
To-morrow—and thou shalt be baited—
The deed was done—curse on the wrong !
Bloody description, hold thy tongue.—
Victorious yet the bull return'd,
And with stern silence inly mourn'd.

A vet'ran, brave, majestic cock,
Who serv'd for hour-glass, guard and clock ;
Who crow'd the mansion's first relief,
Alike from goblin and from thief ;
Whose youth escap'd the *Christmas* skillet,
Whose vigour brav'd the *Shrovetide* billet,
Had just return'd in wound and pain,
Triumphant from the barbarous main,

By

46 *Story of a Cock and a Bull.*

By riv'lets brink, with trees o'ergrown,
He heard his fellow-sufferer moan,
And greatly scorning wounds and smart,
Gave him three cheers with all his heart.

Rise, neighbour, from that pensive attitude,
Brave witness of vile man's ingratitude;
And let us both, with spur and horn,
The cruel reasoning monster scorn.—
Methinks at every dawn of day,
When first I chant my blithsome lay,
Methinks I hear from out the sky
'All will be better by and by.'

When bloody, base, degenerate man,
Who deviates from his Maker's plan,
Who nature and her works abuses,
And thus his fellow-servant uses,
Shall greatly, and yet justly, want
The Mercy he refus'd to grant;
And when his heart his conscience purges
Shall wish to be the brute he scourges.*

* Instead of notes to this story, which needs
no Illustration, we shall beg leave to introduce,
as a cordial to the cruel and hard-hearted,

Some

Some instructions which will enable Parents to bring their Offsprings to the Gallows.

As soon as the child is able to do mischief, teach him to torture flies with a pin or needle ; then you may furnish him with a bird, and tie a string to his leg, that the child may let it fly from his hand, and pull it in again, and drag it about till the bird's joints are dislocated, and it dies in extreme torture. During this time he may also be taught to half-drown puppies and kittens, and to set dogs at the cats, to worry them. Then the young gentleman may be provided with a cock, to set up for two-pence three throws, and be taught to prop up the poor creature upon sticks, when both his legs are broke that he can no longer stand alone. And, when master is grown up to six foot high, he may be indulged with cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and other elegant and fashionable diversions. All this time you are to keep him from church, and learn him to laugh at the parson, and to despise all good people, good precepts, and good books ; by which means he will soon get rid of all those sort of sensations that humanize the mind, and tend to make mankind just and good ; and by degrees, he will contract a merciless disposition, will be ever delighted with acts of cruelty, will never be so happy as when he is doing mischief, and will in all probability, soon arrive at the gallows.

Note, A contrary education, and a contrary behaviour, will have a contrary effect.

LET-



LETTER II.

From Cousin SAM to Cousin SUE.

Loving Cousin,

WHAT I am going to say will amaze you, but it is very true: The great folks here are not half so wise as I thought they were; nor indeed are the people in *London* a bit better, or honefter, than our poor neighbours in the Country. They so little regard the truth, that some of our great ones will send word they are not at home, though you see them; nay, will perhaps look out at window, and tell you so themselves; and yet they expect nothing but truth from their servants: there's the jest.—But when I think upon our old copy, *Sue*, that *Evil communications corrupt good manners*, I wonder how any of those, who lead dissolute lives, can expect their servants to lead good ones. The great business of the great ones
here

here is to kill time, as they call it; and the places frequented for this purpose are the *Auctions, White's, Plays, Operas, Masquerades, Balls, Assemblies, Routs, Drums, the Park, the Gardens*, and sometimes the *Church*. To give you an idea of auction-hunting, I have inclosed you a copy of Mr. *Garrick's* Prologue to the entertainment called *Taste*; and I shall, in my future letter, give you some account of the best of their diversions, and of their behaviour at them. Ah *Sue*! *Honesty's the best policy* still: that I know. And if our great people would be good, the little people would be better than they are; for we all copy our superiors; which is a hint though from a poor footman, not unworthy the consideration of the great ones, and even of the legislature itself. A few great examples would make even religion and virtue in fashion; and what a deal of trouble that would save the poor lawyers! I am,

Dear Cousin Sue,

Yours, &c.

The



The PROLOGUE.

BEFORE this court I *Peter Puff* appear,
 A *Briton* born, and bred an Auctioneer ;
 Who for myself and eke a hundred others,
 My useful, honest, learned, bawling brothers,
 With much humility and fear implore ye,
 And lay our present desp'rate case before ye.
 'Tis said a certain witty wag intends
 To laugh at us, our calling, and our friends,
 If Lords and Ladies, and such dainty folks,
 Are cur'd of auction-hunting by his jokes ;
 Should this odd doctrine spread throughout
 the land,

Before you buy be sure to understand ;

Oh ! think on us what various ills will flow,
 When great ones only purchase—what they
 know.

Why laugh at *Taste* ? It is a harmless fashion,
 And quite subdues each detrimental passion ;
 The fair ones hearts will ne'er incline to man,
 While thus they rage for—china and japan.

The





The *Virtuoso* too, and *Connoisseur*,
Are ever decent, delicate and pure;
The smallest hair their looser thoughts might
hold,

Just warm when single, and when marry'd cold.
Their blood at sight of beauty gently flows;
Their *Venus* must be old, and want a nose.
No am'rous passion with deep knowledge
thrives;

'Tis the complaint indeed of all our wives.
'Tis said *virtù* to such a height is grown,
All artists are encourag'd—but our own,
Be not deceiv'd, I here declare on oath,
I never yet sold goods of *foreign* growth;
Ne'er sent commissions out to *Greece* or *Rome*;
My best antiquities are made at home.
I've *Romans*, *Greeks*, *Italians*, near at hand,
True *Britons* all—and living in the *Strand*;
I ne'er for trinkets rack my pericranium,
They furnish out my room from *Herculaneum*.
But hush—

Should it be known that *English* are employ'd,
Our manufacture is at once destroy'd;

52 *Letter from Cousin SAM, &c.*

No matter what our countrymen deserve,
They'll thrive as ancients, but as moderns
starve—

If it should fall—to you it will be owing,
Farewel to *arts*—they're *going, going, going!*
The fatal hammer's in your hand, oh town,
Then set us up—and knock the *poet* down.

Several minutes of the last meeting of our Society, which serve to illustrate and explain some passages in the above prologue.

Curiosities sold at our last Auction.

A *Yorkshire* chamber-pot, for a *Roman* urn,

£ 32 10 0

Sixteen dozen of second-hand *French* tooth-picks, warranted originals - - - £ 5 0 0

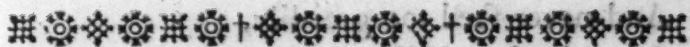
An old scythe and dung-pike, for an antediluvian knife and fork - - - £ 187 10 0

Six capital pieces of *Rubén's* painted by Mr. *Ellis*, but known to be originals by the *Connoisseurs* - - - - - £ 849 0 0

Agreed, That we all distribute bugs, as surgeons, who inoculate, sow the small-pox.

We must, in justice to the trade, observe, that there is not above five or six members in this society, and no more are to be admitted; so that these sort of bargains, are not to be expected in the common course of business, nor any where but at Auctions.

The



The A P P L E - P Y E.

A Man of *wisdom* may disguise
 His knowledge, and not seem too wise ;
 But take it for a constant rule,
 There's no concealing of a *fool*.
 Of this the instances are plenty,
 But one may serve as well as twenty.

A worthy Knight of good estate,
 Was so extreme unfortunate,
 That with great cost, and fruitless care,
 He rear'd a *blockhead* to his *heir* :
 But hoping it would mend the breed,
 Should he some sober damsel wed,
 He sent him out to court a lady,
 Whose father he'd engag'd already.
 But first he charg'd him on his blessing,
 To keep in mind this easy lesson :

‘ *Humphrey*, says he, whate’er you do,
 ‘ Take heed your words be very few :
 ‘ For you’ll be counted wise, so long
 ‘ As you have wit to hold your tongue :

F 2

‘ And

The

‘ And never feed too greedily,
 ‘ On custard, pudding or sweet pye,
 ‘ Lest your ungovern’d appetite
 ‘ Bring shame and sorrow in the night.—
 ‘ But *John* shall go, for he’ll advise ye,
 ‘ And let me tell you, *John’s* no nisey.
 ‘ Here, *John* ! d’ye mind, give *Numps* a touch,
 ‘ Whene’er he talks or eats too much ;
 ‘ Be sure take heed he don’t neglect,
 ‘ To pay the gentry great respect,
 ‘ And all our services express
 ‘ In handsome terms, with good address.
 Instructed thus they both took horse,
 And tow’rds the lady bent their course.
 Whilst *John* perform’d the *teacher’s* part,
Numps got his compliments by heart ;
 Which he deliver’d in such guise,
 They thought him tolerable wise ;
 He held his tongue, which seem’d to be
 A token of his modesty,
 All pass’d on well, till *supper* came :
 Oh hateful meal ! Oh hateful name !
 Vile author of poor *Humphrey’s* shame !

}
From

From ev'ry dish, most nicely drest,
Th' old lady still supply'd her guest.
All with astonishment beheld
His plate oft empty, often fill'd.
He eat, *John* pull'd and pull'd again;
Thy pulls, oh *John*! were all in vain;
For near him stood an apple-pye,
On which he cast a greedy eye,
Then fill'd his plate six inches high.*

}

John

* People, who feed in this manner, should be provided with Mr. *Wilson's* elastic waistcoats which he is about to make public; and that they may know where to furnish themselves, I shall here insert his advertisement.

TO be sold cheap, and warranted very useful to all people who are in office, even from the Peer to the Overseer of the Parish, and very seasonable for Citizens on a Lord-Mayor's day,

Elastic Venison Waistcoats,

Knit very loosely, and so contrived as to stretch to an enormous size; so that a man who hitherto was obliged to put up with a pound, may become a six or eight pounder, without endangering his buttons, or being obliged to unlace. Sold at his house in *Pudding-lane*, near the *Monument*.

John gave his elbow many a twitch;
 'Thought *Numps*, our *John* may kiss my br--h,
 'Tis apple-pye—I'll eat my fill,
 Let consequence be what it will.
 Fatal resolve! I dread to tell
 The consequences which beset.
 Let fordid *nightmen* tell the rest,
 Who relish the unfavoury jest.
 My *dainty muse* would fain have done,
 But truth commands, she must go on.

In the best bed the 'Squire must lie,
 And *John* in truckle bed just by,

Note, He has breeches made of the same materials to provide against accidents.

* * He has also, ready made *Turtle Dresses*, from four to ten reefs, with the net-work behind; so contrived, that while the master is feeding, his servant, behind the chair, may let out reef by reef, to the utmost extent of the skin, without disturbing the company.—He has likewise, for the purpose of turtle eating, the true *Micrometer Caps*, that measure and determine, from the stem of the head, what quantity is digested in any given time.

Advice gratis.

Who

Who slept, till with a dismal groan,
He cry'd at midnight, help, dear *John*! }
Or else for ever I'm undone. }
For heaven's sake find some excuse,
The dev'lish *apple-pye's broke loose* ;
And as I've laid upon't and roll'd it,
The bed's scarce big enough to hold it.

John wak'd, and thus began to pray,
‘ The devil take all fools, I say,
‘ Why choke you, eat it up again,
‘ And lick the sheets and blankets clean.
‘ —What can be done?—here, take my shirt,
‘ And I'll come wallow in the dirt.
‘ Do you get up as soon as light,
‘ I'll lie and try to set all right.’

So said, so done, up got the ‘*Squire*,
And *John* lay tumbling in the mire.
He lay till two brisk lasses come,
To make the bed, and clean the room.
Soon in the damask bed, friend *John*
Was spy'd, half bury'd in the down.
‘ What's here, quo' *Nell*, as I'm alive
‘ The master rose soon after five ;

Here

' Here is his man, a lazy loon,
 ' Intends to lie a bed till noon.'
 Quoth *John*, ' I've had a tedious night,
 ' That truckle bed has lam'd me quite.
 ' I turn'd in here to take some rest;
 ' This is a comfortable nest.
 ' One nap, dear girls is all I beg.
 ' —A nap! *Sue*, give him some cold pig.
 ' Come, come, says *John*, don't play the fool,
 ' I'm *laxative*, you'll make me pull,
 ' And straining hard will force a stool.' }
 They pull'd, *John* squeez'd, and gave a grunt,
 Then cry'd aloud—' good faith I've don't!
 ' E'en thank yourselves.'—Away ran *Nell*,
 And *Sue* half poison'd with the smell.

This story slipt not you may swear,
 But quickly reach'd the master's ear,
 His lordship, tickled with the whim,
 Cou'd not forbear at dinner-time
 To banter *John*; nor did he fail
 T' enlarge upon this curious tale.
 But seeing *John* with shame cast down,
 He frankly tipt him half a crown.

John

John took't and bow'd—*Numps* sitting by,
 Seeing the prize with envious eye,
 Into *John's* fob directly go,
 Cry'd out aloud, ' why *John*, you know
 ' The half crown is by right my due,
 ' 'Twas I be—t the bed not you.'

Oh blunder! never to be mended!
 This one wise speech the courtship ended.
 Home trotted *John* in doleful dumps,
 And far behind sneak'd hopeful *Numps*;
 While Miss, deliver'd from her 'Squire,
 Found out a *cleanlier lover*, to lie by her.*

* Some Parents, for the sake of that bane of human felicity, *gold*, have obliged their daughters to marry husbands almost as disagreeable as *Numps*; and have thereby, not only ruined their children, and intailed misery on their offspring, but have rendered themselves accountable, as undoubtedly they are, for all the evils that are consequent of such a forced and preposterous union.

PUFFENDORF.



An



An ELEGY.

Written in a COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness, and to me.
 Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 Or drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.
 Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.
 Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring
 heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
 The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed;
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their Sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kifs to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke?
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy
stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn ile and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to his mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the reigns of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoil of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury, repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-*Hampden*, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious *Milton* here may rest,
Some *Cromwell*, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense, kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray:
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture
deck'd,

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

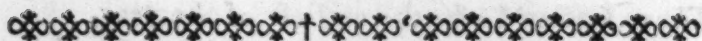
On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of the unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,
Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say,
 ' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
' Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
 ' To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 ' That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
' His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 ' And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 ' Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
' Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 ' Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.
' One morn I miss'd him on th' accustom'd hill :
 ' Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree :
' Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 ' Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.
' The next with dirges due in sad array,
 ' Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him
 ' borne.
' Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay,
 ' Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.

- ‘ There scatter’d oft, the earliest of the year,
- ‘ By hands unseen, are show’rs of violets found;
- ‘ The red-breast loves to build and warble there,
- ‘ And little foot-steps lightly print the ground.

The E P I T A P H.

- ‘ **H**ERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
- ‘ A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
- ‘ Fair science frown’d not on his humble birth,
- ‘ And melancholy mark’d him for her own.
- ‘ Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
- ‘ Heav’n did a recompence as largely send;
- ‘ He gave to mis’ry (all he had) a tear;
- ‘ He gain’d from heav’n (’twas all he wish’d)
- ‘ a friend.
- ‘ No farther seek his merits to disclose,
- ‘ Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
- ‘ (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
- ‘ The bosom of his father and his God.

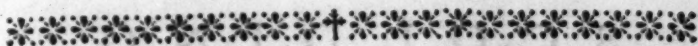


A PASTORAL ELEGY.

A H, *Damon*, dear shepherd, adieu !
 By love and first nature ally'd,
 Together in fondness we grew ;
 Ah, would we together had dy'd :
 For the faith which resembles my own,
 For thy soul which was spotless and true,
 For the joys we together have known,
 Ah, *Damon* ! dear shepherd adieu !
 What bliss can hereafter be mine,
 Whom ever engaging I see ?
 To his friendship I ne'er can incline,
 For fear I should mourn him like thee.
 Tho' the muses should crown me with art,
 Tho' honour and fortune should join,
 Since thou art denied to my heart,
 What bliss can hereafter be mine,
 Ah, *Damon*, dear shepherd farewell !
 Thy grave with sad oziars I'll bind ;
 Tho' no more in one cottage we dwell,
 I can keep thee for ever in mind :

Each

Each morning, I'll visit alone
 His ashes who lov'd me so well,
 And murmur each eve o'er his stone,
 ' Ah *Damon*, dear shepherd, farewell.'



On a GRAVE-STONE

IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE maid that owns 'this humble stone,
 Was scarce in yonder hamlet known:
 And yet her sweets, (but heav'n denied)
 Had grac'd the cot where late she died.
 Behold, how fresh the verdure grows,
 Where *peace* and *innocence* repose.

Thou too, not unimprov'd depart;
 Go, guard like her the rural heart:
 Go, keep her grass-grown sod in mind,
 Till death, the foe whom thou shalt find,
 Bedew'd with many a simple tear,
 Shall lay thy *village virtues* here.



A
CURE for the DISEASE
CALLED
SCOLDING.

MISS MOLLY, a fam'd toast, was fair and young,
Had wealth and charms, but ah! she had a tongue
From morn to night, th' eternal larum run,
Which often lost those hearts her eyes had won.
Sir *John* was smitten, and confess'd his flame,
Sigh'd out the usual time, then wed the dame.
Possess'd he thought of every joy of life;
But his dear *Molly* prov'd a very wife.
Excess of fondness did in time decline,
Madam lov'd money, and the Knight lov'd wine;
From whence some petty discords would arise,
As you're a fool; and you are mighty wife.

Tho' he and all the world allow'd her wit,
Her voice was shrill, and rather loud than sweet.
When she began---for hat and sword he'd call,
And after a faint kiss---cry, b'y dear *Moll*;

Supper

Supper and friends, expect me at the *Rose*
And what, Sir *John*, you'll get your usual dose?
Go, stink of smoke, and guzzle nasty wine;
Sure never virtuous love was us'd like mine.

Oft as the watchful belman march'd his round,
At a fresh bottle gay Sir *John* he found.
By four the Knight wou'd get his bus'ness done,
And only then reel'd off because alone:
Full well he knew the dreadful storm to come,
But arm'd with *Bourdeaux* he could venture home.
My lady with her tongue was still prepar'd;
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard:
'Tis a fine hour! in a sweet pickle made!
And this, Sir *John*, is every day the trade.
Here I sit moping all the live-long night,
Devour'd with spleen, and stranger to delight,
'Till morning sends me home a drunken beast,
Resolv'd to break my heart, as well as rest.

Hey! hoop! d'ye hear my vile obstrep'rous
spouse;

What can you find no bed about the house?
Will that perpetual clack be never still?
That rival to the softness of a mill;
Some couch and distant room must be my choice
Where I may sleep, uncurs'd with wife and noise.

Long

Long this uncomfortable life they led,
With snarling meals, and each a separate bed.
To an old uncle oft she would complain,
Beg'd his advice, nor could from tears refrain.
Old *Wise-wood* smook'd the matter as it was,
Chear up, says he, and I'll remove the cause.

A wond'rous spring within my garden flows,
Of sovereign virtue, chiefly to compose
Domestic jars, and matrimonial strife,
The best elixir for a man and wife.
Strange its effects, its qualities divine;
'Tis water call'd, but worth its weight in wine.
If in his sullen airs Sir *John* should come,
Three spoonfuls take, hold in your mouth——
then mum.

Smile and look pleas'd, and if he rage and scold,
Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold;
One month this sympathetic med'cine try'd,
He'll grow a lover, you a happy bride.
But dearest neice, keep this grand secret close,
Or every pratling jade will beg a dose.

A water bottle's brought for her relief;
Nor *Nantz* could sooner ease the lady's grief.
Her busy thoughts are on the trial bent,
And, female like, impatient for the event,

The

The bonny knight reels home exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for clamour and domestic war.
Ent'ring, he cries—hey! where's our thunder fled?
No storm to-night, why,—what's your lady dead!
Madam aside, an ample mouthful takes,
Court'sies, looks kind, but not a word she speaks:
Wond'ring he star'd and scarce his eyes believ'd,
But found his ears agreeably deceiv'd.
Why how now, *Molly*, what's the crotchet now?
She smiles and answers only with a bow.
Then clasping her about,—why, let me die!
These night-cloaths, *Moll*, become thee mightily.
With that he sigh'd, her hand began to press,
And *Betty* calls, her lady to undress,
Thus the fond pair to bed enamour'd went,
The lady pleas'd and the good knight content.

For many days these fond endearments pass'd;
The reconciling bottle fails at last:
'Twas us'd and gone,—Then midnight storms
arose,

And looks and words the union discompose.
Her coach is order'd, and post-haste she flies
To ask her uncle for some fresh supplies;
Transported she the strange effects relate,
Her *Knight's* conversion and her happy state.

Why, niece, says he, —I prithee apprehend;
The water's water:—Be thyself thy friend:

Such beauty would the coldest husband warm,
 But your provoking tongue undoes the charm :
 Be silent and complying,—and you'll find,
 Sir *John*, without a med'cine, will be kind *.

* The satire of this poem is chiefly levelled at the behaviour of the wife, little notice being taken of that of her husband, whereas that ought to have been first considered ; for the governors of families as well as other governors, who would have those under them live orderly and well, should set a good example themselves.

Nothing very dreadful could happen to society, from the activity and free exercise of my lady's tongue ; but great evils might arise from Sir *John*'s manner of living. *Example is more prevalent than precept* ; and a drunken and debauched knight may corrupt and extirpate the seeds of virtue in a whole village, and render the good Parson's labours of none effect.

If we measure the crime by the mischiefs that attend it, what a vile miscreant will a drunkard appear ; For, from drunkenness proceed tumults, riots, quarrels, murder and a whole train of other evils ; not to mention poverty, neglect of business, and the ruin of families. 'Tis the greatest enemy to government, for it renders a man unfit for society, and unable to conform himself to any laws : a wise man therefore may well wonder why every government doth not take more pains to suppress it,

'Tis

'Tis a melancholly consideration, but yet I am sure 'tis true, that three fourths of the *thefts, robberies, murders, and fires* in *London*, are owing to drunkenness only, and yet no steps are taken to prevent it!—Oh when will the legislature open their eyes, and not suffer poison to be sold publicly because it brings in * * * * *.

GRONOVIVS.

Sir *John* ought to have been treated in the manner a justice of peace in the country was by *Tom Wilson*.

Tom, who was a powerful strong fellow, but half an idiot, was brought before the justice for behaving in an insolent manner when drunk. He was saucy enough upon his examination, and the justice ordered him into the stocks, not so much, I believe, for the crime of drunkenness as for the indignity offered to his authority. One evening after this *Tom* meets the justice by the church-yard which was at a distance from the village, reeling home with his skin full of wine, which he thought a great crime, and therefore, in his turn, inflicted the same punishment on his worship.

CARTHEW'S Reports.

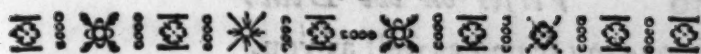
LYCURGUS, the wise lawgiver, in order to maintain an equilibrium of temper between man and wife, and that the spirits by agitation might not rise too high in the barometer of the brain, ordained, that whenever the mind was so affected as to raise the voice to the note *besabemi*, the Responsor should not reply, till he had privately
and

and distinctly told a hundred. It was pleasant enough to hear a dispute of this sort carried on between man and wife; for before half a dozen angry words had passed, you might perceive their voices gradually decrease; and so effectually did it answer the purpose intended, that I have really seen a gentleman and his Lady, who set out in the height of passion, kiss and be friends before they got half way to the end of their dispute.

PLUTARCH.

Archbishop *Cranmer* had perhaps this passage in view, when he married his niece; of whom the following story is related. The archbishop's niece being engaged to a gentleman every way her equal in point of family and fortune, the wedding-day was solemnized with great pomp and splendor; after which, according to custom, the new married couple were left alone. Next morning the good archbishop went into their chamber, and enquiring after their health, told them, he had a present to make them. They were impatient to know what it was; but he persisted in concealing it till they both promised him never to wear it at the same time; and, having extorted from them that solemn promise, he presented them with a FOOL'S CAP.

VERSES



V E R S E S

O N T H E

D E A T H of Dr. SWIFT,

Occasioned by reading the following Maxim
in *Rochefoucault*,

*Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons
toujours quelque chose, qui ne nous déplaît pas.*

AS *Rochefoucault* his maxims drew
From nature, I believe 'em true;
They argue no corrupted mind
In him: the fault is in mankind.

This maxim more than all the rest,
Is thought too base for human breast:
“ In all distresses of our friends,
“ We first consult our private ends:
“ While nature kindly bent to ease us,
“ Points out some circumstance to please us.”
If this perhaps your patience move;
Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
Our equal rais'd above our size.

H

I love

76 *Verses on the Death*

I love my friend as well as you,
 But why should he obstruct my view?
 Then let me have the higher post;
 Suppose it but an inch at most.
 If in a battle you should find
 One, whom you love of all mankind,
 Had some heroic action done,
 A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
 Rather than thus be over-topt,
 Would you not wish his laurels cropt?
 Dear honest *Ned* is in the gout,
 Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
 How patiently you hear him groan!
 How glad the case is not your own!

What poet wou'd not mourn to see
 His brother write as well as he?
 But rather than they should excel,
 He'd wish his rivals all in hell.

Her end when emulation misses,
 She turns to envy, stings and hisses:
 The strongest friendship yields to pride,
 Unless the odds be on our side.

Vain human kind! fantastic race!
 Thy various follies who can trace?

Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and station:
'Tis all on me a usurpation.

I have no title to aspire,
Yet when you sink, I seem the higher.

In *Pope* I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine;

When he can in one couplet fix
More sense, than I can do in six,

It gives me such a jealous fit;
I cry, pox take him and his wit.

I grieve to be outdone by *Gay*,
In my own hum'rous biting way.

Arbutnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend;

Which I was born to introduce;
Refin'd it first, and shew'd its use.

St. John, as well as *Pultney*, knows
That I had some repute for prose;

And, 'till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.

If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside;

If with such talents heav'n has blest 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?

To all my foes dear fortune send
Thy gifts, but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the first;
But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And tho' 'tis hardly understood,
Which way my death can do them good;
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
See, how the dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman! he droops apace;
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him, 'till he's dead,
Besides, his memory decays;
He recollects not what he says:
He cannot call his friends to mind;
Forgets the place where last he din'd:

Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can fit,
To hear his out-of fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who, for his wine, will hear his jokes.
Faith, he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time, he talks them round;
There must another set be found.

For poetry, he's past his prime;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme:
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy sunk, his muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen;
But there's no talking to some men!

And then, their tenderness appears,
By adding largely to my years;
He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers *Charles* the second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that I doubt is no good sign.

H 3

His

His stomach too begins to fail;
Last year we thought him strong and hail;
But now he's quite another thing;
I wish he may hold out till spring.
Then hug themselves, and reason thus:
It is not yet so bad with us.

In such a case they talk in tropes;
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess
The merit of a lucky guess.
When daily how d'y's come of course,
And servants answer, " worse and worse!"
Wou'd please 'em better, than to tell,
That, God be prais'd, the dean is well.
Then he who prophesy'd the best,
Approves the judgment to the rest;
" You know, I always fear'd the worst,
" And often told you so at first."
He'd rather chuse that I should die,
Than his prediction prove a lye.
Not one foretels I shall recover;
But all agree to give me over.

Yet,





Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain;
How many a message would he send!
What hearty prayers that I should mend!
Enquire what regimen I kept:
What gave me ease, and how I slept:
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the sniv'lers round my bed,
My good companions, never fear;
For, tho' you may mistake a year,
Tho' your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verif'y'd at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive;
How is the dean? he's just alive.
Now the departing prayer is read;
He hardly breathes. The dean is dead.

Before the passing-bell begun,
The news thro' half the town has run.
Oh! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? And who's his heir?
I know no more, than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses.
To public uses! there's a whim!
What had the public done for him?

Mere envy, avarice, and pride;
He gave it all—but first he died,
And had the dean in all the nation
No worthy friend? no poor relation?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood!

Now *Grubstreet* wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in every paper
To curse the *Dean*, or bless the *Drapier*,
The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame:
We must confess his case was nice;
But he wou'd never take advice:
Had he been rul'd, for ought appears,
He might have liv'd these twenty years:
For, when we open'd him, we found
That all his vital parts were found.
From *Dublin* soon to *London* spread,
'Tis told at court, the *Dean* is dead.
And lady S—— in the spleen
Runs laughing up to tell the **.
** So gracious, mild and good,
Cries, “ is he gone! 'tis time he shou'd.

“ * * * * *
 “ * * * * *
 “ * * * * *
 “ * * * * *

Now *Chartres*, at——*Levee*,
 Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy;
 Why, if he dy'd without his shoes,
 (Cries——) I'm sorry for the news:
 Oh, were the wretch but living still,
 And in his place my good friend *Will*:
 Or had a mitre on his head,
 Provided *Bolingbroke* were dead!
 Now *Carl* his shop from rubbish drains,
 Three genuine tomes of *Swift's* remains!
 And then to make them pass the glibber,
 Revis'd by *Tibbalds*, *Moore* and *Cibber*.
 He'll treat me, as he does my betters,
 Publish my will, my life, my letters;
 Revive the libels born to die;
 Which *Pope* must bear, as well as I.

Here shift the scene, to represent
 How those I love my death lament.
 Poor *Pope* will grieve a month, and *Gay*
 A week, and *Arbuthnot* a day.

St.

St. *John* himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug and cry,
“ I’m sorry, but we all must die !”
Indiff’rence clad in wisdom’s guise
All fortitude of mind supplies:
For how can stony bowels melt,
In those who never pity felt,
When we are lash’d, they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur’d with suspense and fear;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approach’d to stand between;
The screen remov’d, their hearts are trembling,
They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn’d to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps :
“ The Dean is dead (pray what is trumps?)
“ Then, Lord have mercy on his soul!
“ (Ladies, I’ll venture for the vole)
“ Six Deans, they say, must bear the pall.
“ (I wish I knew what King to call.)

“ Madam,

" Madam, your husband will attend
 " The fun'ral of so good a friend;
 " No, Madam, 'tis a shocking sight;
 " And he's engag'd to-morrow night:
 " My Lady *Club* will take it ill,
 " If he should fail her at quadrille.
 " He lov'd the Dean; (I lead a heart)
 " But dearest friends, they say, must part.
 " His time was come, he ran his race;
 " We hope he's in a better place.*

Why do we grieve, that friends should die?

No loss more easy to supply.

One year is past; a diff'rent scene!

No farther mention of the Dean:

Who now, alas! no more is mis'd,

Than if he never did exist.

* CALCOTHUS, in his history of *Siberia*, says,
 'Tis unpardonable for people to appear insensible at
 the death of their relations and friends; wherefore
 a great quantity of onions are generally collected
 and sold at the house of mourning (as apples and
 oranges are at our play-house doors) to excite the
 external symptoms of grief. Formerly, not only
 in *Ireland*, but in *England* and *Scotland*, people
 were often engaged to howl and cry for those they
 never saw or heard of; and, on these occasions, a

Where's now the favourite of *Apollo*?
 Departed:—*and his works must follow*:
 Must undergo the common fate;
 His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country 'squire to *Lintot* goes,
 Enquires for *Swift* in verse and prose:
 Says *Lintot*, "I have heard the name;
 "He dy'd a year ago." The same.
 He searches all the shop in vain.
 "Sir, you may find them in *Duck-Lane*.
 "I sent them with a load of books
 "Last *Monday* to the pastry-cooks.
 "To fancy they could live a year!
 "I find you're but a stranger here.
 "The Dean was famous in his time,
 "And had kind of a knack at rhyme:

good dismal tone was much esteemed and well rewarded. Mutes are still engaged by undertakers to wear a sorrowful countenance, which is thrown off for that of mirth and fun, when the company are absent; our polite people however disdain every disguise of that sort, they bravely throw off the mask of affectation, and generally mourn for their friends, and repent of their sins with a pack of cards before them.

THOMPSON'S *Trim of Mankind*.

- “ His way of writing now is past :
 “ The town has got a better taste.
 “ I keep no antiquated stuff,
 “ But spick and span I have enough.
 “ Pray, do but give me leave to shew 'em;
 “ Here's *Colly Cibber's* birth-day poem.
 “ This ode you never yet have seen
 “ By *Stephen Duck* upon the Queen.
 “ Then, here's a letter finely pen'd
 “ Against the *Craftsman* and his friend.
 “ It clearly shews, that all reflection
 “ On ministers, is dis—affection.
 “ Next, here's Sir *Robert's* vindication,
 “ And Mr. *Henley's* last oration :
 “ The hawkers have not got them yet :
 “ Your honour please to buy a set?”

Suppose me dead ; and then suppose
 A club assembled at the *Rose* :
 Where, from discourse of this and that,
 I grow the subject of their chat.

The Dean, if we believe report,
 Was never ill receiv'd at court.
 Altho' ironically grave,
 He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave.

I

“ Sir,

“ Sir, I have heard another story;
“ He was a most confounded tory;
“ And grew, or he is much bely’d,
“ Extremely dull before he dy’d.”

Can we the *Drapier* e’er forget?

Is not our nation in his debt?

’Twas he that writ the *Drapier’s Letters*—!

“ He should have left them for his betters:

“ We had a hundred *abler men*,

“ Nor need *depend* upon his *pen*.—

“ Say what you will about his *reading*,

“ You never can *defend* his *breeding*:

“ Who, in his *satires* running riot,

“ Could never leave the world in quiet—;

“ Attacking, when he took the whim,

“ Court, city, camp; all one to him—.

“ But why would he, except he *slobber’d*,

“ Offend our *patriot*, great Sir *R*——?

“ Whose counsels aid the sov’ reign pow’r

“ To *save* the *nation* ev’ry hour.

“ What *scenes* of evil he unravels,

“ In *satires*, *libels*, *lytng travels*!

“ Nor sparing his own clergy cloth,

“ But *eats* into it like a *moth*—!”

Perhaps

Perhaps I may allow the Dean,
 Had too much satire in his vein ;
 And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
 Because no age could more deserve it.
 Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
 Must be or *ridicul'd*, or *lash'd*.
 If you resent it, who's to blame ?
 He neither knew *you*, or your *name*.
 Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,
 Because it's owner is a duke ?
 His friendships, still to few confin'd,
 Were always of the middling kind :
 No fools of rank, or mongrel breed,
 Who fain would pass for lords indeed :
 Where titles give no right or pow'r,
 And peerage is a wither'd flower :
 He would have deem'd it a disgrace,
 If such a wretch had known his face.
 He never thought an honour done him,
 Because a peer was proud to own him :
 Wou'd rather slip aside, and choose
 To talk with wits in dirty shoes ;

And scorn the Tools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing *Charters*.

He kept with princes due decorum ;

Yet never stood in awe before 'em.

He follow'd *David's* lesson just ;

In *princes* never put his trust :

And, would you make him truly four,

Provoke him with a slave in power.

“ Alas, poor Dean ! his only scope

“ Was to be held a *Misanthrope*.

“ This into general *odium* drew him,

“ Which if he lik'd, *much good may do him !*

“ His *zeal* was not to lash our *crimes*,

“ But, *discontent* against the times :

“ For had we made him *timely* offers,

“ To raise his *post*, or fill his *coffers*,

“ Perhaps he might have truckled down,

“ Like other *brethren* of his *gown* :

“ For party he would scarce have bled—;

“ I say no more,—because he's dead—.

“ What *writings* has he left behind—?”

I hear, they're of a different kind :

A few, in *verse* ; but most, in *prose*—.

“ Some *high-flown pamphlets*, I suppose—:

" All scribbled in the *worst of times*,
 " To *palliate* his friend *Oxford's* crimes,
 " To praise Queen *Anne*, nay more, defend her,
 " As never fav'ring the *Pretender*—:
 " Or *libels* yet conceal'd from light,
 " Against the *court* to shew his spite;
 " Perhaps, his *travels*, *part the third*,
 " A *lye*, at every *second* word:
 " Offensive to a loyal ear—:
 " But *not one sermon*, you may *swear*—."

As for his works, in verse or prose,
 I own myself no judge of those,
 Nor can I tell, what critics thought 'em,
 But this I know, all people bought 'em,
 As with a moral view design'd,
 To *please*, and to *reform* mankind;
 And, if he often mis'd his aim,
 The *world* must own it, to their *shame*,
 The *praise* is *his*, and *theirs* the *blame*.
 He gave the little wealth he had,
 To build a house for fools and mad,
 To shew, by one satiric touch,
 No nation wanted it so much:
 And since you dread no farther lashes,
 Methinks you may forgive his ashes.

}



L E T T E R III.

From Cousin SAM to Cousin SUE.

Ab Cousin SUE!

'TIS all over at our house!—We have nothing but trouble and confusion: My lady, who you know was a fine woman, is become now an ugly bloated creature, and has screwed up her face so a gaming, that she is as full of wrinkles as mother *Shipton*. Cards may well be called the Devil's books! I am sure they have play'd the devil with her, and destroyed both her temper and constitution.—Up a gaming all night, and the horrors all day, will soon put an end to her life, that's certain.—And my poor master is absolutely undone, all is lost irrecoverably! He poor young gentleman has been admitted into the club of a pack of gamblers at this righteous end of the town, who have stripped him of every

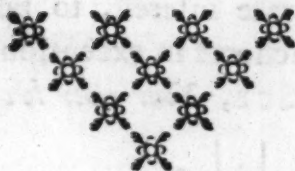
every thing but his title, and with that he may go a begging. Oh for a thunder-bolt to destroy such a Pest of Infernals! And, would you believe it, *Sue*, some of these Pillagers are great People; so great, and of such high employments, that I am told that dispatches of the utmost consequences are sent from * * *. A fine political society truly! Suppose any of these wise ones should take it into their heads to bett upon the affairs of *Europe*; What may, or rather what may not, be the consequence? This is a worse club than that where the members meet to drink porter, and rectify the writings of *Moses* and the Prophets. There are many things that want mending in *London*, *Sue*, but the people are too infatuated, too full of themselves, and too much regard their own private interest, to take advice or put any good scheme in execution. I am

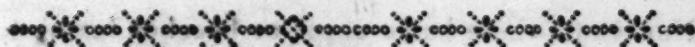
My dear SUE, Your ever loving Cousin,

SAM * * *

P. S. I was yesterday surpris'd to hear one of these gambling gentlemen lay down this as a maxim, *that he would never be a good Politician who could not play well at cards*; and I think he might with as much propriety have said, *that no one could make a good General who had not cock'd a pistol upon Hounslow-heath*. With what weak arguments is vice obliged to defend itself?

Another young gentleman was ruined at the same time with my master, whose unhappy fate occasioned the following poem, intitled, *The Benefit of Gaming*.





The BENEFIT *of* GAMING.

WHAT dreams of conduct flush'd HI-
LARIO's breast,

When the good Knight at last retir'd to rest!
Behold the youth, with new-felt rapture mark
Each pleasing prospect of the spacious park!
That park where beauties undisguis'd engage,
Those beauties, less the work of art than age;
In simple state, where genuine nature wears
Her venerable dress of ancient years;
Where all the charms of chance with order meet,
The rude, the gay, the graceful, and the great.
Here aged oaks uprear their branches hoar,
And from dark groves which Druids might
adore;

Pride and support of *Britain's* conqu'ring cross,
Which distant Ancestors saw crown'd with Moss:
With meeting boughs, and deep'ning to the view,
Here shoots the broad umbrageous avenue:
Here various trees compose a chequer'd scene,
Glowing in gay diversities of green:
There the full stream, thro' intermingling glades,
Shines a broad lake, or falls in deep cascades:

Nor

Nor wants there hazle copse or beechen lawn,
 To chear with sun, or shade the bounding faun,
 And see the good old seat, whose Gothic tow'rs,
 Awful emerge from yonder tufted bow'rs :
 Whose raised hall the crowding tenants fed,
 And deal to age and want their daily bread.
 Where garter'd knights with peerless beauties
 join'd,

At high and solemn festivals have din'd;
 Presenting oft fair virtue's shining task,
 In mystic pageantries, and moral * masque;

But

* It was a fashionable practice among our ancient nobility and gentry of both sexes, to perform personally in entertainments of this kind. Nothing could be a more delightful or rational method of spending an evening than this; MILTON's *Comus* was thus exhibited at *Ludlow-castle*, in the year 1631.

Poetry, painting, and music, were here united in their highest perfection; and it were to be wished, that our modern people of distinction would revive this excellent practice, and substitute it in the place of routs and masquerades. But, in the present age, the idea of true decorum is almost extinct, and the dignity of human nature seems to be over-run with the false refinements of affected elegance, and all the inconsistent fopperies of studied folly.

But vain all ancient praise, or boast of birth,
Vain all the palms of old heroic worth !
At once a bankrupt, and a prosperous heir,
HILARIO bets—Park, house, dissolve in air,
With antique armour hung, his trophy'd rooms,
Descend to gamesters, prostitutes, and grooms.
He sees his steel-clad fires, and mothers mild,
Who bravely shook the lance, or sweetly smil'd ;
All the fair series of the whisker'd race,
Whose pictur'd forms the stately gallery grace,
Debas'd, abus'd, the price of ill-got gold,
To deck some bawdy-house at auction sold.
The parish wonders at th' unopening door,
The chimnies blaze, the tables groan no more,
Thick weeds around th' untrodden courts arise
And all the social scene in silence lies.
Himself, the loss politely to repair,
Turns Atheist, Gambler, Highwayman or P—r.
At length the scorn, the shame of man and God,
Is doom'd to rub the steeds that once he rode,
A wretched drudge among the grooms he plies,
Then sees his error, cuts his throat and dies.

We

We shall conclude our notes on this piece with a few select wishes.—And

- 1st, We wish that all people had sense enough to see their own interest, and to avoid being entrapped and bubbled by sharpers and pick-pockets.
- 2^{dly}, That no gamester may hereafter be intrusted with any post under this government, or any other.
- 3^{dly}, That no merchant or tradesman may ever give credit, or countenance, to any man who has made gaming a part of his business, or who ever played from any other motive but that of amusement.
- 4^{thly}, That all people may avoid a gamester as they do a mad dog, that would vitiate their vitals, and poison their intellects. And,
- 5^{thly}, That the body of every professed gamester may be denied [christian] burial, and taken from their friends and hung in chains, as a warning-piece to the public.





The C O B L E R.

YOUR sage and moralist can show,
 Many misfortunes here below,
 A truth which no one ever mis'd,
 Tho' neither sage nor moralist ;
 Yet, all the troubles notwithstanding,
 Which fate or fortune has a hand in,
 Fools to themselves will more create,
 In spite of fortune and of fate.
 Thus oft are dreaming wretches seen
 Tortur'd with vapours, and with spleen ;
 Transform'd (at least in their own eyes)
 To glass or china, or goose-pyes.
 Others will to themselves appear
 Stone dead as *WILL the Conqueror*,
 And all the world in vain might strive,
 To face them down that they're alive.
 Unlucky males with child will groan,
 And sorely dread their lying down ;
 As fearing, that to ease their pain,
 May puzzle doctor CHAMBERLAIN,
 Imaginary evils flow,
 Merely for want of real woe ;

And when prevailing whimsies rise,
As monstrous wild absurdities
Are, ev'ry hour, and ev'ry minute,
Found without BEDLAM, as within it;
Which if you farther would have shown,
And leifure have to read,—read on.

There liv'd a gentleman, possess
Of all that mortals reckon best:
A seat well chose in wholesome air,
With gardens and with prospects fair:
His land from debt and jointure free,
His money never in SOUTH-SEA:
His health of body firm and good,
Tho' past the hey-day of his blood:
His consort fair, and good and kind;
His children rising to his mind:
His friends ingenuous and sincere;
His honour, nay his conscience clear.
He wanted nought of human blifs,
But pow'r to taste his happiness.

Too near, alas! this great man's hall,
A merry COBLER had a stall;
An arch old wag as e're you knew,
With breeches red, and jerkin blue;
Chearful at working, as at play,
He sung and whistled life away:



The modern method of Mourning -



When rising morning glads the sky,
Clear as the merry lark, and high:
When ev'ning shades the landskip veil,
Late warbling as the nightingale.
'Tho' pence came slow, and trade was ill,
Yet still he sung and whistled still;
'Tho' patch'd his garb, and coarse his fare,
He laugh'd and cast away old care.

The rich man view'd with discontent,
His tatter'd neighbour's merriment,
With envy grudg'd, and pin'd to see
A beggar pleasanter than he;
And, by degrees, to hate began
Th' intolerable happy man,
Who haunted him like any spright,
From morn to eve both day and night.
It chanc'd when once in bed he lay,
When dreams are true, at break of day,
He heard the COBLER at his sport,,
Amidst his music stopping short:
Whether his morning draught he took,
Or warming whiff of wonted smoke,
The 'squire suspected, being shrewd,
This silence boded him no good;
And, 'cause he nothing saw nor heard,
A Machiavilian plot he fear'd.

Strait circumstances crowded plain
To vex and plague his jealous brain :
Trembling in panic dread he lies,
With gaping mouth and staring eyes :
And straining wishful both his ears,
He soon persuades himself he hears
One skip and caper up the stairs,
Sees the door open quick, and knew
His dreaded foe in red and blue,
Who with a running jump, he thought,
Leap'd plumb directly down his throat,
Laden with tackle of his stall
Last, End, and Hammer, Strap, and Awl :
No sooner down than with a jerk,
He fell to music and to work.
If much he griev'd our Don before,
When but o'th' outside of his door,
How sorely must he now molest,
When got o'th' inside of his breast :
The waking dreamer groans and swells,
And pangs imaginary feels ;
Catches, and scraps of tunes he hears,
For ever ringing in his ears.
Ill-favour'd smells his nose displease,
Mundungus strong, and rotten cheese :
He feels him when he draws his breath,
Or tug the leather with his teeth ;

Or beat the sole, or else extend
His arms to th' utmost of his end;
Enough to crack, when stretch'd so wide,
The ribs of any mortal's side.
Is there no method then to fly
This vile intestine enemy;
What can be done in this condition,
But sending for a good physician?

The doctor, having heard the case
Burst into laughter in his face;
Told him he need no more than rise,
Open his windows and his eyes,
Whistling and stitching there to see,
The cobbler as he us'd to be.
Sir, quoth the patient, your pretences
Shall ne'er persuade me from my senses:
How should I rise? the heavy brute
Will hardly let me wag a foot:
Tho' feeling for belief may go,
Yet feeling is the truth you know:
I feel him in my sides I tell ye;
Had you a cobbler in your belly,
You scarce would fleer, as now you do;
I doubt your guts would grumble too:
Still do you laugh? I tell you, Sir,
I'd kick you soundly, could I stir;

Thou Quack, thou never hadst degree
In either University ;
Thou meer licentiate, without knowledge,
The shame and scandal of the college ;
I'll call my servants, if you stay ;
So, Doctor, scamper while you may.,
One thus dispatch'd, a second came,
Of equal skill and greater fame ;
Who swore him mad as a *March* hare,
(For doctors, when provok'd, will swear.)
To drive such whimsies from his pate,
He dragg'd him to the window strait.
But jilting fortune can devise
To baffle and out-wit the wise ;
The Cobler ere expos'd to view,
Had just pull'd off his jerkin blue,
Not dreaming 'twould his neighbour hurt,
To fit *in Fresco* in his shirt.
Ah ! quoth the patient, with a sigh,
You know him not so well as I ;
The man who down my throat is run,
Has got a true-blue jerkin on.
In vain the Doctor rav'd and tore,
Argu'd and fretted, stamp'd and swore ;
Told him he might believe as well
The giant of *Pantagruel*

Did oft as break his fast or sup,
For poach'd eggs swallow windmills up;
Or that the *Holland* dame could bear,
A child for ev'ry day i'th' year.
The vapour'd dotard, grave and fly,
Mistook for truth each rapping lye?
And drew conclusions such as these,
Resistless from the premises.

I hope, my friends, you'll grant me all,
A windmill's bigger than a stall.
And since the lady brought alive,
Children three hundred sixty-five;
Why should you think there is no room
For one poor cobbler in my womb?
Thus ev'ry thing his friends could say,
The more confirm'd him in his way:
Farther convince'd by what they tell
'Twas certain, tho' impossible.

Now worse and worse his piteous state
Was grown, and almost desperate:
Yet still the utmost bent to try,
Without more help he would not die
An old physician fly and shrewd,
With management of face indu'd;
Heard all his tale; and ask'd with care,
How long the COBLER had been there?

Noted

Noted distinctly what he said :
Lift up his eyes, and shook his head,
And grave accosts him, on this fashion,
After mature deliberation,
With serious and important face,
Sir, your's is an uncommon case :
Tho' I've read GALEN's *Latin* o'er,
I never met with it before;
Nor have I found the like disease,
In Stories of HIPPOCRATES.
Then, after a convenient stay,—
—Sir, if prescription you'll obey,
My life for your's, I'll set you free
From this same two-legg'd tympany.
'Tis true, you're gone beyond the cure
Of fam'd Worm-powder of JOHN MOOR :
Besides, if downwards he be sent,
I fear he'll split your nether vent :
But then your throat, you know is wide,
And scarcely clos'd since it was try'd ;
The same way he got in 'tis plain,
There's room to fetch him out again :
I'll bring the forked worm away
Without a *Dysenteria* ;
Emetics strong will do the feat,
If taken *quantum sufficit* :

I'll see myself the proper dose,
 And then *Hypnotics* to compose :
 The wretch, tho' languishing and weak,
 Reviv'd already by the GREEK,
 Cries, what so learn'd a man as you
 Prescribes, dear Doctor, I shall do.
 The vomit speedily was got,
 The cobbler sent for to the spot,
 And taught to manage the deceit,
 And not his doublet to forget.
 But first the operator wise,
 Over the sight a bandage ties,
 For vomits always strain the eyes. }
 Courage ! I'll make you disembodye,
 Spite of his teeth, th' unlucky rogue ;
 I'll drench the rascal never fear,
 And bring him up or drown him there.
 Warm water down he makes him pour,
 Till his stretch'd guts could hold no more ;
 Which doubly swoln, as you may think,
 Both with the Cobbler and the drink,
 What they receiv'd against the grain,
 Soon paid with int'rest back again.
 Here come his tools, he can't be long
 Without his Hammer and his Thong.
 The Cobbler humour'd what was spoke,
 And gravely carried on the joke ;

As he heard nam'd each single matter,
He chuck'd it souse into the water :
And then not to be seen as yet,
Behind the door made his retreat.
The sick man now takes breath a while,
Strength to recruit for farther toil :
Unblinded he, with joyful eyes,
The tackle floating there espies,
Fully convinc'd within his mind,
The Cocker could not stay behind,
Who to the alehouse still would go,
Whene'er he wanted work to do :
Nor could he like his present place,
He ne'er lov'd water in his days.
At length he takes a second bout,
Enough to turn him inside out ;
With vehemence so sore he strains,
As would have split another's brains.
Ah ! here the Cocker comes, I swear !
And truth it was, for he was there,
And, like a rude ill-manner'd clown,
Kick'd with his foot the vomit down.
The patient now grown wond'rous light,
Whipp'd off the napkin from his sight,
Briskly lift up his head, and knew
The Breeches red, the Jerkin blue ;

And

And smil'd to hear him grumbling say,
As down the stairs he run his way,
He'd ne'er set foot within his door,
And jump down open throats no more;
No; while he liv'd, he'd ne'er again
Run, like a fox, down the red lane.

Our patient thus, his inmate gone,
Cur'd of the crotchets in his crown,
Joyful his gratitude expresses,
With thousand thanks, and hundred pieces:
And thus, with much of pain and cost,
Regain'd the health he never lost.

M O R A L.

Taught by long miseries, we find
Repose is seated in the mind;
And most men soon or late have own'd,
'Tis there, or no where to be found.
This real wisdom timely knows,
Without experience of the woes.
Nor needs instructive smart, to see
That all on earth is vanity.
Loss, disappointment, passion, strife;
Whate'er torments or troubles life,
Tho' groundless, grievous in its stay,
'Twill shake our tenements of clay,
When past, as nothing we esteem;
And pain like pleasure is but dream.

* * * This disorder is to be cured, says the learned *Celsus*, without either swallowing a Cobler or the use of any medicine.—Let your Patients, says he, drink no tea nor spirituous liquors, but live moderately, eating and drinking such aliments only as are nutritive and easy of digestion; and, rising with the sun, let them retire into some meadow, and play at *hop, step and jump* for two hours, then go to breakfast, and use such exercise the remainder of the day as may conduce to hunger and health.

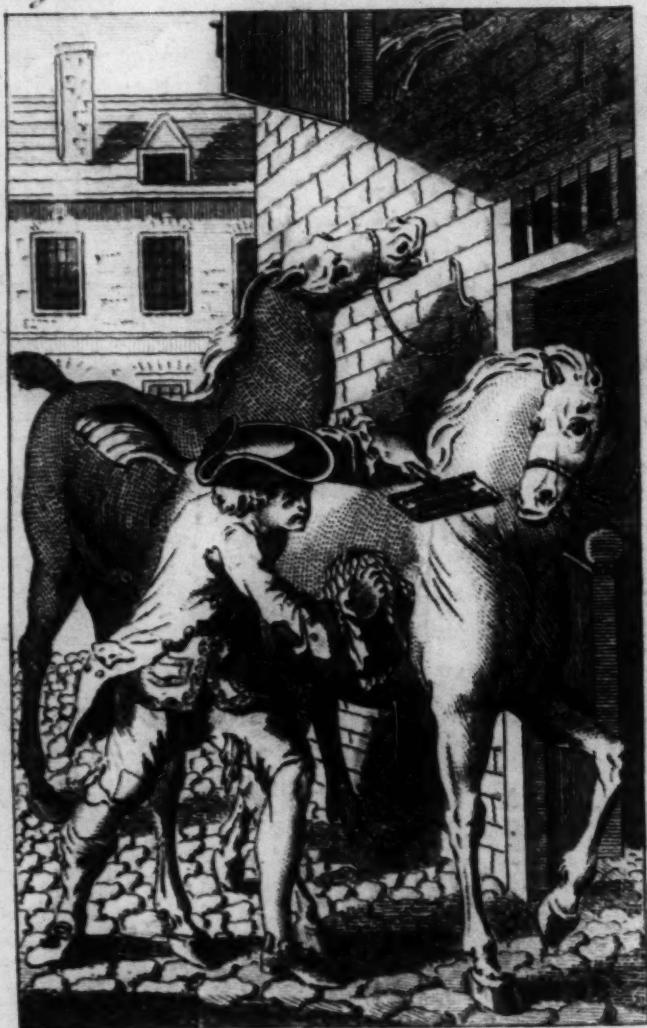


A WEEK'S INVITATION

From PARSON A—to PARSON B—.

THIS letter claims its annual due,
 A visit from your rib and you:
 We here have been this month preparing,
 Mending, making, washing, airing;
 So that our house so spruce is grown,
 We hardly know it for our own:
 Could you but see my aukward folks,
 Wadling along with pails and yokes;
 How unlac'd *Nell* the bucket tugs
 For sweetheart *John* to wash his mugs;
 Or how my lazy rogue contrives
 To whistle to an edge his knives;
 You'd laugh to see the pains they take,
 The hurricane to brew and bake.
 But first before I venture further,
 Know how you are the cause of murder.





A turkey-cock, whose fierce demean
Long kept a certain office clean,
Gobbles no more, nor boasts a tail,
But hangs a breathless bird and pale;
Two chicks who oft together popt;
Their pliant necks for white-bread sopt;
To pointed steel resign'd their breath,
And felt a century of death,
For which the boy was sent last week
To chimney's top to fetch a cheek;
Sprouts from the hall perhaps may come,
Supposing that the squire's from home,
To these tythe-pig, roast pork, and goose,*
The best my little tythes produce,

* In the days of yore, not only the curate, but even the farmer, might sometimes indulge his friends with the leg of a hare or the wing of a partridge which they had fed in their fields and nurtured to maturity; but by an unaccountable piece of æconomy and good policy they are now deprived of that pleasure, and are obliged to feed fowls for strangers to feast on. The wise son of *Sirach* observes, that the *wild fowls* were intended by providence for the use of those who could not afford to keep *tame*. In that sense our forefathers received the text, and killed and eat: and whatever our philosophers may think of the matter, it is a custom among the *American* Indians to this day.—

How we delight in works of mercy!

A poor farmer who had nine children, and rented but 30l. a year, lost all his geese and many of his lambs, by a fox that harboured in the neighbourhood. This animal an honourable society of fox-hunters had agreed to have some sport with; but the farmer meeting with his

May for one Week I hope contrive,
To keep you and your folks alive.
O come, my friend, I long to see
Your one horse chair's antiquity.

old enemy very early in the morning, destroyed him, which so exasperated these gentry, that meeting with the farmer at plough in his shirt, they all whipped him unmercifully; and then to complete their revenge, the landlord turned him out of his farm. —

And how piously we regard the poor!

An Advertisement, importing that the gentlemen concerned in the preservation of the game were desired to meet at the French-Horn Tavern, at six o'clock in the evening, brought together no less than 967; but an Advertisement, setting forth that the gentlemen concerned in the preservation of the poor, were desired to meet at the same time and place, did not produce one.

And what good policy it is so totally to disarm our people when our most inveterate enemies threaten to invade us!

When David heard that Saul and Jonathan were slain, he ordered all the children of Israel to learn the use of the bow, SAMUEL, book II. chap. i. verse 18. Thus he did, and prudently preserved his kingdom; for his young men fought not as men having a groat a day, but as men whose king, country, fathers, mothers, wives, children, friends, fortunes and lives, were at stake, and thus discomfited their enemies and subdued them. — While the wife Mabelcas, who had ordered their young men to be deprived of their bows, ay, and of their swords too, saying, peradventure they may go off and shoot game also, were abandoned by their friends whom they had hired to fight their battles; and were despised and routed out of their land. — From a land which flowed with milk and honey!

Lord, what a week I've undergone,
 How catechis'd to set things on:
 First 'tis, my dear, I think it proper
 To have these chickens drest for supper:
 Just as you please, perhaps I say;
 Why then 'tis no, they'll keep a day:
 Thinks and re-thinks, and what more strange is,
 Disrelishes her own exchanges.
 Poor *Jack* sometimes twice in an hour
 Is sent for bread, and plumbs, and flour;
 For our judicious blockhead makes,
 For one right errand five mistakes;
 Then blames the maid, and what is worse,
 Drives back again, and lames my horse.
 Thus, Sir, you see all things are ready,
 Spruce are the babes, and smart my lady;
Molly is dressing brother *Billy*,
 So fine, the very babe looks silly,
 Who when he sees the patty-pans,
 Cries cake, Mamma, and claps his hands.
 The stable's fit, the windows glazing,
 For your's, my steeds are sent a grazing,
 At which poor *John*, in doleful dumps,
 Groans out, poor lads, and strokes their rumps.
 Your *John* and mine may pig together,
 Admiring thro' the roof the weather.
 My wife sends compliments—and wishes
 She could set forth in *China* dishes.

114 A WEEK'S INVITATION &c.

But, lord, our country red-arm'd wenches
 May stop the bull from breaking fences;
 But as to *Cbina* down they go,
 Then all surprise, the fool says—*So!*
 And if my wife perchance engages,
 'Tis—*Madam stops a body's wages.*
 Oh how I long to hold discourse;
 Could I but see the white-fac'd horse;
 Then grumbling *John* might broach the ale,
 And port should lengthen out the tale.

REFLECTIONS on the above Epistle by a Prime
 Minister.

*What's wealth and all the littleness of power,
 To the sweet comforts of a social hour?
 What joys so vast can life or fortune give,
 As those which friends impart and mutually receive?*

* The politician who added these reflections, thus concludes his letter to the friend hesent them to. Ah *Robin*, we mistake our road, and lose sight of happiness, when we grasp at power! This boyish propensity of ever being uppermost, not only robs us and our friends, but even our king and country of both wealth and quiet.—Notwithstanding our boasted uprightness, there is not one of us, I fear, but what would do more for the sake of revenge, than for the sake of virtue, and make a thousand shifts to keep on the saddle, tho' the horse we ride is unruly and above our match.—The story of *Pbæton* is a good lesson for us politicians.

The

The following EPITAPH was written by One
of the Faculty of Physic for himself.

EPITAPHIUM CHYMICUM.

Here lyeth to digest, macerate, and amalgamate
with clay,

In balneo arenae,

Stratum super stratum,

The residuum, terra damnata, & caput mortuum,
Of B— G— Chemist,
and M. D.

A man, who, on this earthly ball,
Pursued various processes to obtain

Arcanum vitæ,

Or the art of getting, rather than making gold.
Alchymist like,

All his labour and projection,

As mercury in the fire, evaporated in fumo.

When he dissolved to his first principles

He departed as poor

As the lost drops of an alembic;

For riches are not poured

On the adepts of this world.

Though fond of news, he carefully avoided

The fermentation, effervescence,

and decapitation of this life.

Full seventy years his exalted essence
Was hermetically seal'd in its terrene matrafs,

But the radical moisture being exhausted,

The elixir vitæ spent

And exsiccated to a cuticle,

He could not suspend longer in this vehicle,

But *precipitated gradatim,*

Per campanam,

To his original *dust.*

May that light, brighter than *bolognian phosphorus,*

Preserve him from the *athanor, empyreumatical, &*
reverberatory

Furnace of the other world,

Depurate him from the *faeces* and *scoriae* of this,

Highly rectify and *volatilise*

His *Aethereal spirit,*

Bring it over the *helm* of the retort of this globe,

Place it in a proper *recipient,*

Or *crystalline orb,*

Among the *elect* of the flowers of *Benjamin,*

Never to be *saturated,*

'Till the general *resuscitation,*

Deflagration, calcination,

And *sublimation* of all things.



Spoken Extempore,

On seeing a young Lady writing Verses with a

Hole in her Stocking.

TO see a lady of such grace,

With so much sense, and such a face,

So flatteringly is shocking!

Oh if you would with *Venus* vie,

Your pen and poetry lay by,

And learn to mend your stocking!



An EPIGRAM

On the BRITISH LION.

In Imitation of several Authors.

OUR Lion once did roar and look'd so grim,
That his own shadow durst not follow him!
But now he's so dejected and dismay'd,
He cannot face the shadow of his shade.



An EPITAPH

On Mr. DOVE, an Apothecary ;

*Who unfortunately murdered himself by canvassing
at Elections.*

Here lies,
Sequester'd from the various calamities of life,
The remains of

Benjamin Dove, doctor and dealer in politics,
Whose *courage* and *intrepidity* exposed him
to many *dangers* and *difficulties*, and at
last to *death* itself ; for on the 26th
of *May*, 1754, he fell a *victim*,
not to the *sword*, but to the *glass*.

He was in all respects a truly worthy man ;

A kind and steady friend,

A generous benefactor,

A warm patriot,

An agreeable companion,

A cutter of jokes,

And

This *Flecknoe* found, who, like *Augustus*, young
 Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long ;
 In prose and verse, was own'd, without dispute,
 Through all the realms of *nonsense*, absolute.
 This aged Prince, now flourishing in peace,
 And blest with issue of a large increase ;
 Worn out with bus'ness, did at length debate
 To settle the succession of the state :
 And pond'ring, which of all his sons was fit
 To reign, and wage eternal war with wit,
 Cry'd, 'tis resolv'd ; for nature pleads that he
 Should only rule, who most resembles me.
Sb—alone my perfect image bears
 Mature in dulness from his tender years ;
Sb—alone, of all my sons is he
 Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
 But *Sb*— never deviates into sense.
 Some beams of wit on others souls may fall,
 Strike through, and make a lucid interval ;
 But *Sb*—'s genuine night admits no ray.
 His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
 Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
 And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty ;
 Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain,
 And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and *Shirley* were but types of thee,
 Thou last great prophet of tautology.

Ev'n

Ev'n I, a dunce of more renown than they,
 Was sent before but to prepare thy way;
 And, coarsely clad in *Norwich* druggot, came
 To teach the nations in thy greater name.
 My warbling lute, the lute I whilome strung
 When to King *John* of *Portugal* I sung,
 Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
 When thou on silver *Thames* didst cut thy way,
 With well-tim'd oars before the royal barge,
 Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge:
 And big with hymn, commander of an host,
 The like was ne'er in *Epsom* blankets tost.
 Methinks I see the new *Arion* sail,
 The Lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
 At thy well-sharpen'd thumb, from shore to shore,
 The trebles squeak for fear, the bases roar:
 Echoes from *Pissing-alley* *Sh*—— call,
 Ah *Sh*—— they resound from *Aston-bath*.
 About thy boat the little fishes throng,
 As at the morning toast that floats along.
 Sometime, as prince of thy harmonious-band,
 Thou wield'dst thy papers in thy threshing hand.
St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
 Not ev'n the feet of thy own *Psyche's* rhyme:
 So they in number, as in sense, exceed;
 So just, so like tautology they fell,
 That, pale with envy, *Singleton* forswore
 The lute and sword which he in triumph bore,
 And vow'd he ne'er would act *Villierius* more.

 }
 Here

Here stoppt the good old Sire, and wept for joy,
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays persuade,
That for anointed dulness he was made.

Close to the walls which fair *Augusta* bind,
(The fair *Augusta* much to fear inclin'd)
An ancient fabric, rais'd t' inform the sight,
There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight:
A watch-tower once; but now, so fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains;
From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,
Scenes of new loves and of polluted joys,
Where their vast courts the mother strumpets keep,
And undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep.*
Near these a nursery erects its head,
Where queens are form'd and future heroes bred,
Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try†,
And little *Maximins* the Gods defy. }
Great *Fletcher* never treads in buskin here,
Nor greater *Johnson* dares in socks appear;
But gentle *Simpkin* just reception finds,
Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds:

* Parodies on these lines of COWLEY (*Davideis*,
book I.)——

*Where their vast courts, the mother-waters keep,
And undisturb'd by moons, in silence sleep.*

† Parodies on these lines of COWLEY (*Davideis*,
book I.)—— *Where unfledg'd tempests lie,
And infant winds their tender voices try.*

Pure

Pure clinches the suburban muse affords,
 And *Panton* waging harmless war with words.
 Here *Flecknoe* has a place to fame well known,
 Ambitiously design'd his *Sh*——'s throne.
 For ancient *Decker* prophesy'd long since,
 That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
 Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of sense: }
 To whom true dulness should some *Psyche*'s owe,
 But worlds of *misers* from his pen should flow;
Humorists and *hypocrites* it should produce,
 Whole *Raymond* families, and tribes of *Bruce*.

Now Empress *Fame* had publish'd the renown
 Of *Sh*——'s coronation through the town.
 Rous'd by report of fame the nations meet,
 From near *Bunhill* and distant *Walling-street*.
 No *Persian* carpets spread th' imperial way,
 But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay:
 From dusty shops neglected authors come,
 Martyrs of pies, and reliques of the bum.
 Much *Heywood*, *Shirley*, *Ogleby*, there lay,
 But loads of *Sh*—— almost choak'd the way.
 Bilk'd stationers for yeomen stood prepar'd,
 And *H*——n was captain of the guard.
 The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
 High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.
 At his right hand our young *Ascanius* sat,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state.
 His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
 And lambent dulness play'd around his face.

As *Hannibal* did to the altars come,
 Swore by his fire a mortal foe to *Rome*;
 So *Sb*—— swore, nor should his vow be vain,
 That he to death true dulness would maintain;
 And in his father's right, and realm's defence,
 No'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.
 The King himself the sacred unction made,
 As king by office, and as priest by trade.
 In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
 He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;
 Love's kingdom to his right he did convey,
 At once his sceptre, and his rule of sway,
 Whose righteous lore the prince had practis'd
 young,

And from whose loins recorded *Psyche* sprung:
 His temples, last, with poppies overspread,
 That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head.
 Just at the point of time, if fame not lie,
 On his left hand twelve reverend *owls* did fly.
 So *Romulus*, 'tis sung, by *Tyber's* brook,
 Prefage of sway from twice six vultures took.
 Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
 And omens of his future empire take.
 The Sire then shook the honours of his head,
 And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
 Full on the filial dulness: long he stood,
 Repelling from his breast the raging God,
 At length burst out in this prophetic mood:

M

Heav'n's

Heav'ns bless my son : From *Ireland* let him reign,
 To far *Barbadoes*, or the western main ;
 Of his dominion may no end be known,
 And greater than his father's be his throne ;
 Beyond Love's kingdom let him stretch his pen ;
 He paus'd, and all the people cry'd *Amen*.
 Then thus, continued he : My son, advance
 Still in new impudence, now ignorance.
 Success let others teach ; learn thou from me
 Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.
 Let *virtuoso's* in five years be writ ;
 Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
 Let gentle *George* in triumph tread the stage,
 Make *Dorimant* betray, and *Loveit* rage ;
 Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
 And in their folly shew the writer's wit.
 Yet still thy tools shall stand in thy defence,
 And justify their author's want of sense.
 Let them be all by thy own model made
 Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid ;
 That they to future ages may be known,
 Not copies drawn, but issues of thy own.
 Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,
 All full of thee, and differing but in name.
 But let no alien *S—dl—y* interpose
 To lard with wit thy hungry *Epsom* prose.
 And when false flowers of rhetoric thou would'st
 cull,
 Trust nature, do not labour to be dull ;

But

But write thy best, and top; and in each line,
 Sir Formal's oratory will be thine;
 Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill,
 And does by *northern dedications* fill.
 Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
 By arrogating *Johnson's* hostile name.
 Let father *Flecknoe* fire thy mind with praise,
 And uncle *Ogleby* thy envy raise.
 Thou art my blood, where *Johnson* has no part:
 What share have we in nature or in art?
 Where did his wit or learning fix a brand,
 And rail at arts he did not understand?
 Where made he love in Prince *Nicander's* vein,
 Or swept the dust in *Psyche's* humble strain;
 Where sold he bargains, sweep-stitch, kiss my a--e,
 Promis'd a play, and dwindled to a farce?
 When did his muse from *Fletcher* scenes purloin,
 As thou whole *Eth'ridge* dost transfuse to thine?
 But so transfus'd, as oil and waters flow,
 His always floats above, thine sinks below.
 This is thy province, this thy wond'rous way,
 New humours to invent for each new play:
 This is that boasted bias of the mind,
 By which one way, to dulness 'tis inclin'd;
 Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
 And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
 Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
 Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.

A ton of man in thy large bulk is writ,
 But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
 Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
 Thy tragic muse gives smiles, thy comic sleep.
 With whate'er gall thou set'st thyself to write,
 Thy inoffensive satires never bite.
 In thy felonious heart tho' venom lies,
 It does but touch thy pointless pen, and dies.
 Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
 In keen Iambic, but mild Anagram.
 Leave writing plays, and chuse for thy command
 Some peaceful province in acrostic land.
 There thou may'st *wings* display, and *altars* raise,
 And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.
 Or if thou would'st thy different talents suit,
 Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute.
 He said; but his last words were scarcely heard,
 For *Bruce* and *Longvil* had a trap prepar'd,
 And down they sent the yet-declaining bard. }
 Sinking he left his drugged robe behind,
 Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.
 The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
 With double portion of his father's art.

*By this performance, the reader will see how
 much the Poets love one another,—and how they are
 beloved by the Critics will appear by the following
 piece.*



The CRITICS mistaken. A Tale.

IN every age, and each profession,
Men err the most by prepossession.
But when the thing is clearly shown,
And fairly stated, fully known,
We soon applaud what we deride,
And penitence succeeds to pride.

A certain baron, on a day,
Having a mind to show away,
Invited all the wits and wags,
Foot, M——y, Shuter, Yates and Skeggs.
And built a large commodious stage
For the choice spirits of the age.
But above all, among the rest,
There came a genius, who profest
To have a curious trick in store,
Which never was perform'd before.

Thro' all the town this soon got air,
And the whole house was like a fair;
But soon, his entry as he made,
Without or prompter or parade,
'Twas all expectance, all suspense,
And silence gag'd the audience.
He hid his head behind his wig,
And so exact **TOOK OFF A PIG**,
All swore 'twas serious and no joke,
For that, or underneath his cloke
He had conceal'd some grunting elf,
Or was a real hog himself.

A search was made—no pig was found—
 With thund'ring claps the seats resound,
 And pit, and box and gall'ries roar,
 With—O rare—! Bravo! and Encore!

Old *Roger Grouse*, a country clown,
 Who yet knew something of the town,
 Beheld the mimic and his whim,
 And on the morrow challeng'd him,
 Declaring to each beau and bunter,
 That he'd out-grunt th' egregious grunter.

The morrow came—the crowd was greater—
 But prejudice and rank ill-nature
 Usurp'd the minds of men and wenches,
 Who came to hiss and break the benches.

The mimic took his usual station,
 And squeak'd with general approbation.
 Again Encore! Encore! they cry—
 'Twas quite THE THING—'twas VERY HIGH.
 Old *Grouse* conceal'd amidst this racket,
 A real pig beneath his jacket.—
 Then forth he came—and with his nail,
 He pinch'd the urchin by the tail:
 The tortur'd pig from out his throat,
 Produc'd the genuine nat'ral note!
 All-bellow'd out, 'twas very bad!
 Sure, never stuff was half so bad!
 That like a pig, each cry'd in scoff,
 Pshaw! Nonsense! Blockhead! Off! Off!

The



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The mimic was extoll'd, and *Grouse*
Was hiss'd and catcall'd from the house.—

Soft ye, a word before I go,
Quoth honest *Hodge*—and stooping low,
Produc'd the pig, and thus aloud,
Bespoke the stupid partial crowd—

BEHOLD AND LEARN FROM THIS POOR
CREATURE,

HOW MUCH YOU CRITICS KNOW OF NA-
TURE. *

* This tale is a proper lesson for the Critics, as it evidently shews the necessity of a man's bearing his judgment about him; and having his head fraught with the rule of enquiry, and the scale of satisfaction. If the errors of our modern critics for the last ten years were pointed out in this minute manner, fifty volumes in folio would not contain them, so pregnant have they been in the business of blundering.

VOLTAIRE.

* * In the press and speedily will be published,
A Comparison in point of dignity between a Modern Critic and Rat-catcher. Illustrated with notes variorum from the works of the literati of all nations.

*****†*****

On a certain CONCERT.

AMPHION, we're told
By the poets of old,
Cou'd thrum on his harp a sweet ditty ;

So sweet that the stones
 Danc'd a galliard at once,
 And settled in form of a city.
 But, ye musical Sirs,
 Not a man of us stirs;
 Tho' your *Purcells* you play, and *Corellies*,
 If you'd please you must treat
 With much drink and good meat,
 And so touch our hearts thro' our bellies.



PUDDING.

ROTUND, or oval, in whatever form
 My jocund eyes thy pleasing presence meet,
 Hail, bounteous Pudding! hot or cold, all hail;
 Whether my blue-ey'd *Kate*, with lilly hand,
 In simple neatness eminent, whose smile
 Is love ineffable, into thy lap
 Infuseth store of eggs and spicy sweets,
 Whose fragrance is inferior to herself;
 Or whether *Joan* in woolly vestment clad,
 Dwelling in straw-thatcht cot, with busy glee
 Thy composition kneads, and fills thy cave
 With golden pomes profuse, or leaves thee coarse,
 Of suet, butter, and aught else devoid
 Tending to flavour, serv'd in wooden bowl:
 Oh! welcome thou, mine appetite's best guest;
 Whether the oven's heat embrowns thy crust,

With

With sugar frosted, crumbling at the touch ;
 Or whether thou in ragged clout enwrap'd
 Hast felt the boiling tempest of the pot.
 But chiefly come, and deck mine humble cloth,
 With all the rich magnificence of plumbs
 Array'd most gorgeously, whilst down thy sides
 Hot melted butter rolls its golden wave,
 As amorous of thy charms. Here might the sons
 Of luxury deprav'd look on with eyes
 That envy'd, while they gaz'd. Give me but this,
 And let the bloated Alderman devour
 Turtle, that boasts diversity of food,
 And rarest dainties, still more dainty made,
 By being tortur'd from their native taste.
 I shall not grudge their feast.—Be Pudding mine,
 And I can pass yon celebrated stall,
 Where the firm Salmon tempts, the greedy eye
 Of gaping passengers, and where the Trout
 And ruddy Prawn lie swelling on the sight,
 “ Nor cast one longing lingring look behind.”

* * * A Pudding thus prepar'd is a most excellent poultice for the stomach—The butter lubricates, the plumbs stimulate, the meal strengthens, the suet proves anodyne, the eggs exercise the digestive faculties, and the spices help to increase the natural heat ; these things considered, we may safely conclude with *Boransius* the Philosopher, *that there never was a good boy or a wise man who did not love pudding.*

TANKARD

TANKARD OF PORTER.

Nunc est bibendum. HOR.

THE foaming cup replete with mad'ning juice
 Of *Gallic* vines, to others taste I leave;
 Why should I sicken for exotic draughts,
 Since with kind hand domestic *Ceres* gives
 Potation more robust.—Replenish here—
 Boy, take this honest Tankard—Fill it high
 With buxom Porter, such as *Hercules*,
 Was *Hercules* in being, would imbibe.
 Behold' its pyramid of tow'ring froth
 Brown as a nut, and sparkling on the sight,
 Tho' some prefer it white as *Alpine* snow
 Or *Cælia's* milky orbs! Encircled oft
 Amidst my jovial intimates, to her
 Benignant Goddess of the Barley-mow,
 Who ever guards, and swells the smiling ear
 Her own libation let me offer up
 With thanks exulting, 'till I can no more.
 'Tis this enlivens the *Freethinker's* brain,
 Great bulwark of the *Robinhood* debate!
 By this he dares his florid argument,
 And pours forth unpremeditated tropes.
 How shall I speak its praise! 'Tis mental balm
 To the desponding chairman, vig'rous nurse
 Of spirits warlike, to the soldier's breast
 Impenetrable steel, nerve of his nerves,

An

And comfort to the sailor in the storm !
Rous'd from the lethargy of sleeping thought
By Porter's fluid, the mechanic prates
Of state-connections, as at night he sits
With smoke envelop'd over T——'s mild.
Say ! Is it he, who pleads for *British* freedom
This little monarch in his potent cups !
Is't he, whose ample mind excursive roves
To where the *Prussian* Hero leads his troops
Against united forces ! This the man
Who plans an expedition, lays down rules
To settle politic concerns, and dares
With sage advice to dictate to a throne ?
Grant it : but 'tis the Porter's manly juice
That animates his organs, gives his tongue
The liberty of speech, his hollow thought
Impregnates quick, and sets his brain on fire.
At rich *Hortensio's* table tho' thou'rt held
In estimation cheap, thy charms to me
Are not diminish'd ; for, secure from ills,
I quaff thy salutif'rous stream, whilst he,
(Sad slave to appetite that knows no bounds)
Drinks in each glass th' inflammatory gout,
“ And thousand other ills that flesh is heir to.”

Can dear-bought Claret boast of services
With thine co-equal ? Or can Punch itself,
However temper'd, or with *Wenman's* Rum,
Or *Ashley's* Brandy, or *Batavian* Rack,
High-priz'd, diffuse hilarity like thine !

Abfurd

Absurd—before the nodding Barley-sheaf
 The *Gallic* Vine must bow, and *Gallic* Butlers
 To the stout *British* Drayman must give way.
 Now when the evening creeps with gradual step,
 And wraps the day within her sable shroud;
 Come, Tankard, to my hand, and with thee bring,
 The pipe, companion meet. Attended thus
 My Nectar will I quaff, and fill the room
 With smoke voluminous, 'till *Morpheus*' wand
 Slow breaking thro' the cloud mine eyelids close
 And fix me snoring in my elbow-chair.

* * *Boransius* has observed, that there never
 was a wise man who did not love Pudding; and
 were we allowed to make an apothegm of our own,
 we should certainly assert, *that there never was a*
good Politician who did not love Porter.—Porter
 has the same effect on the brain as Pudding has
 on the stomach; it lubricates, it stimulates, it
 strengthens, and it is anodyne. By putting the
 ideas into motion, it exercises the mind and some-
 times the tongue; and, by consent of the nervous
 system, it maketh the cheeks look red, and causeth
 the cripple to dance. In all cases, where wit and
 wisdom are wanting, Porter is a most powerful
 potion, and the disputant, who is foil'd and at
 a loss for an argument, will always find one at
 the bottom of his Tankard.



F I N I S